

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

SIXPENCE



German Emperor.

Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse.

King Edward VII.

Empress Frederick.

Duchess of Sparta.

KING EDWARD VII. AT FRIEDRICHSHOF: AFTER DINNER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

DRAWN BY MR. S. BEGG FROM MR. MELTON PRIOR'S SKETCH MADE AT FRIEDRICHSHOF BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF KING EDWARD VII.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The new century has begun its lamentation over the decline of the English drama. A stale old theme, you may say; one of Father Time's perennial jests which he cracks even at the cradle of his youngest born. Does he teach the lisping century to pretend that it mourns for the British drama's "palmy days"? That is the familiar grievance; but Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has given it a novel turn. He says the real enemy of the drama in this country is "popular amusement"; and he sees it creeping over the stage like a stealthy Thug, "choking" the serious play. Do not suppose that the serious play, in Mr. Jones's mind, connotes dullness, and "popular amusement" all that is mirthful in the theatre. No such distinction could be drawn by the author of "The Liars." Mr. Jones means by the serious play a dramatic representation of life, and by "popular amusement" all the theatrical "jinks"—musical comedies, music-hall "turns," "variety" shows—which have nothing to do with the drama. Time out of mind this has been the real trouble. Even in the "palmy days," the Shakspearean manager had to fill his gaping treasury with a pantomime. To-day the Muse of Comedy has but a poor tale of admirers compared to the hosts that hang upon the saucy heels and Cockney accents which kick and carol themselves into the hearts and homes of youthful peers.

The average playgoer dreads nothing so much in the theatre as ideas. He has to face them in his daily life; they wear him out from morn till eve by demands upon his energy and judgment. It is no recreation to see the characters in a play struggling in the same dilemmas. If they must have embarrassments, let these be purely farcical, so that the jaded man may laugh. Better still, let everybody on the stage sing and dance, and make us forget for two or three hours our falling stocks, our niggardly briefs, the future of our boys who are just beginning the world. That is the philosophy of "popular amusement." Here and there, no doubt, is a playgoer who loves the drama for its own sake, and finds in any artistic painting of life just the same escape from care. But that is because he possesses the very rare quality we call dramatic instinct. He appreciates the dramatist's skilfully unravelled web of character and circumstance, and does not insist that the play must prove something to his liking, or he will have none of it. But this is not the kind of patron that makes a thriving box-office; and if the dramatist turns for guidance to the critics, who are supposed to interpret the public taste, he finds very little reason for the belief that the theatre is a place for thinking. Most of them will tell him that to show men and women in their relations to the rational interests of life is no business of his, and that what the public wants is entertainment, not analysis.

I have read an article in a morning paper which instructed Mr. Pinero that, if he were to study life and character in the provinces, where people are "articulate," he might come to write "a real drama." There is plenty of dramatic material, of course, in the country as well as in the town; but why are the provinces more "articulate" than London? According to this authority, all that Mr. Pinero has hitherto done is to "excite the curiosity of West Kensington." To touch a wider horizon he must bring us a drama out of Dorset or Devonshire. I think it was the same critic who once announced that there could never be a national drama in England until we had a satisfactory Army and Navy. When Mr. Pinero returns from Dorset or Devon, he will be told that his play does not assure the safety of the West Indies. In "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," Mr. Pinero's latter-day creations are too "articulate" for an evening paper, which dismisses the piece as "rhetoric." It illustrates a conflict of temperaments; such a conflict is essential to drama, and even "real drama"; therefore a third oracle writes it down as "morbid." One of the temperaments is that of an effeminate egotist, who shocks a fourth critic because he is "invertebrate." When the Army and Navy are satisfactory, every egotist, I presume, will have a backbone. Such encouragement to play-writing in England makes it clear that no dramatist can safely meddle with ideas, and that to exercise his calling with prudence he must ignore all life outside the range of established theatrical conventions.

There is no lack of "popular amusement" in Paris; but it does not choke the dramatic instinct. A certain M. Brioux actually writes plays on social questions. Two or three of these works, I learn, are produced every season, and succeed in entertaining a good many playgoers, who look to M. Brioux, not for the solution of problems, but for their dramatic treatment. This is a state of mind that some of our critics would call morbid, and others the curiosity of West Kensington. Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" deals with the water-supply; and if some daring British playwright were to take a similar theme for social satire, he would be denounced as an election agent for the London County Council. So strong is the distaste for the reflection of current thought in the drama, except for the purpose of pure burlesque, that you can number on the

fingers of one hand the plays that touch upon our social evolution in the whole Victorian era. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones quotes Matthew Arnold's counsel, "Organise the theatre." This can never be done, as Mr. Jones sees very clearly, until you have a millionaire who will divorce his soul from gigantic commercial trusts, and devote it to the propagation of ideas in dramatic vestment. He will build and endow a handsome playhouse, engage the best histrionic talent, spur our dramatists to write plays full of the vital social interests of our times. Meanwhile, the dramatic Muse sits disconsolate in her tower, while Sister Anne (kindly impersonated by Mr. Jones) anxiously scans the plain. "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming? Do you see that millionaire coming, Sister Anne?" Alas! the only travellers that the watcher can descry are the enterprising gentlemen who have formed the latest music-hall syndicate.

It is a fallacy to suppose that dramatic contrasts are more articulate at the lower end of the social scale than at the upper. Nothing gave Queen Victoria greater pride and pleasure than her Stuart ancestry. She had a tender sentiment for Mary Stuart, and a horror of Elizabeth. She used to tell a story of her childhood—how she was stepping into a boat at Margate, when a woman stared hard at her and said, "Another Elizabeth, I hope." "I gave her such a look!" said the Queen. "I was furious!" She would never allow Prince Charlie to be called a Pretender in her presence. If I remember rightly, she never met Froude. He would have fared much worse than the woman at Margate, for the Queen could not have forgotten the historian who described Mary's execution at Fotheringhay with such malignant triumph. I wonder that some genius of the White Rose League, knowing that Victoria was a Jacobite at heart, does not write a drama, showing her remorse for the Hanoverian dynasty. There might be a secret interview between the Queen and the estimable Italian lady who is believed to be the direct heir of the Stuarts. Victoria, in heartbroken accents, would offer to surrender the Crown, and this act of self-denial would be defeated by an infamous cabal. It is possible that the Examiner of Plays would decline to license such a drama for representation; but no tyranny could keep it from the printer; and it would be a more impressive dedication of service to a lost cause than the posting of protests on the walls of St. James's Palace against the accession of King Edward VII.

An ornament of the Board of Trade, Sir Courtenay Boyle, discourses in *Macmillan's* on the usages of the English language. He proposes to shield its "purity" against Americanisms, such as "anyway," employed instead of "at all events." Perhaps he will urge the Chancellor of the Exchequer to levy a duty on American phrases. If every writer had to pay a shilling for the luxury of saying "anyway," it would be easy to defray the cost of the war, and reduce the income tax. Anyway (you see how easily it comes!), Sir Courtenay Boyle ought to demand a heavy impost for what he calls the "useless, mischievous, and vulgar innovation" of "Tommy," short for Mr. Thomas Atkins, otherwise "the private soldier of the British Army." Sir Courtenay's invective is strong, but no stronger than Mr. Meredith's. "Base to the ear as the ass's bray" is the poet's indictment of the name by which the private soldier is best known to his countrymen. The dulcet note that excites Mr. Meredith's wrath may be traced to the War Office, where (if some musical critics are well informed) the bray is a theme for elaborate orchestration.

To be precise, Thomas Atkins is an official designation, like the John Doe or Richard Roe of legal tradition. Sir Courtenay Boyle is thus confronted by sound departmental authority for the abhorred nickname. Much more than that, "Thomas Atkins," abbreviated by popular affection to "Tommy," has been caught up by the tongue of fame, and trumpeted round the world. When Napoleon's grenadiers called him the "Little Corporal," did any purist stigmatise this as "useless, mischievous, and vulgar"? Is it the "ass's bray" to salute Lord Roberts as "Bobs"? The Board of Trade fails to see that language cannot be classified like imports and exports. It is largely the outcome of imaginative associations. "Tommy Atkins," in the popular fancy, is not only the indomitable soldier, but also the tender-hearted sentimentalist who is painted by delirious prejudice as an ogre. That is the true significance of "Tommy." "Cannon his name," sings Mr. Meredith in one of his splendid odes to Napoleon. "Cannon" would be an excellent sobriquet for iron ruthlessness. Would Sir Courtenay Boyle call that vulgar?

My excursion last week into King Edward's ancestry has brought me an interesting letter from Dr. Howell, accompanied by a genealogical table tracing the King's descent from Charlemagne through two of that Emperor's sons, Lewis and Pepin. Dr. Howell points out that the King is our tenth Edward, being the descendant of the first Saxon Edward, son of Alfred the Great. The Normans put the Saxon Edwards out of court, and gave their own Edward I. primacy of his name on the English throne.

PARLIAMENT.

There was a striking debate in the Lords on the relations between the late Commander-in-Chief and the late Secretary for War. Lord Wolseley delivered a strong indictment of the system established in 1895, by which the Commander-in-Chief, in his judgment, lost the military control of the Army. A Board, analogous to the Admiralty, was composed of departmental heads, and these had the right of direct and separate access to the Secretary for War, instead of submitting their views to the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Wolseley argued that this plan was subversive of discipline, and he complained that the chief military expert had no means of acquainting the nation with views which the political head of the Army had rejected. Lord Lansdowne replied that the Commander-in-Chief had grave duties which he accused Lord Wolseley of neglecting. He suggested that but for this neglect Ladysmith would not have been regarded as an important military station, and the Government would not have been led to believe that one army corps would suffice to conquer the Boer Republics. Lord Rosebery, Lord Northbrook, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Chelmsford complained strongly of what they described as the personal attack on Lord Wolseley, who subsequently intimated that he would raise the whole subject again later on. Lord Salisbury contended that the system Lord Wolseley had criticised sprang from the necessary subordination of the Army to Parliament, and the Duke of Devonshire defended the regulations of 1895.

The approaching discussion of the Civil List was heralded by a formal application by the King for a provision on behalf of the Duke of Cornwall and York and other members of the royal family.

Higher Elementary Education was the not quite congruous theme which led to the introduction of police-constables at the close of Tuesday night's debate in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith had sat down, and Mr. Tully, the first Irish member to speak, was on his legs when Mr. Balfour moved the closure, and carried it by a majority of 103. Then the Chairman put the question, and the House was on its way to a division when twenty or thirty Irish members refused to move. An argument with the Chairman led to the calling-in of the Speaker, who named some of the recalcitrant members, and ordered them to withdraw. This they would not do; and the officers of the House, even the outside police, had to tackle one after another of the members, who, on that occasion only, were passionately attached to their seats. Mr. Flavin, something of a Hercules, was the first member to be tackled; but, on second thoughts, the persuasive hands of the police were tried on Mr. Crean, Mr. M'Hugh, and others of less stupendous proportions. These members were carried out by force amid cries of "God save Ireland!" and the singing of verses from "The Wearing of the Green." Even Mr. Flavin was carried out at last. The House did no more that night, beyond agreeing to the vote at the close of an hour's physical warfare.

ART NOTES.

The collection of silver-work now to be seen by the courtesy of the members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club at their rooms in Savile Row comes very opportunely to enable us to contrast mediæval and modern metal-work. It is unfortunate that so few specimens of remoter phases of this craft should have been available—only five, of which a Greek libation-cup, assigned to the fourth century B.C., is the most important. Old English plate dating back to the earlier periods of our history is also exceedingly rare, owing to various causes—the Wars of the Roses, the Reformation, and the requirements of Charles I. in his struggle against his Parliament. Nevertheless, there are a few articles here exhibited which show that the English silversmiths had both taste and skill, and were less inclined to the Gothic style of ornament than their Continental rivals. The censer and incense-boat lent by Lord Carysfort, and found when Whittlesea Mere was drained fifty years ago, are almost the only specimens of church plate of which the date goes back to the fifteenth century; but the cup and mazer lent by Oriel College, the Richmond Cup of the Armourers' Company, and the Bourchier Cup—a magnificent work in ivory, richly embossed with jewels in a silver setting—give an adequate idea of the splendour of secular plate in Plantagenet and early Tudor times. Elizabethan plate had to pass through only one critical period, and it is to this period, it may be hoped, that our modern silver-workers will look for guidance and inspiration. The contrast it affords to contemporary German and Flemish works suggests a more chastened taste, due, doubtless, to the appreciation of French and Italian art shown by the nobles of the time. From Windsor Castle and Eton College come rose-water dishes and ewers which give evidence of soberness of design as well as of excellence of workmanship. It is exceedingly interesting to notice how these qualities were sustained throughout the seventeenth and well on into the eighteenth century, as seen in the numerous bowls, tankards, and salt-cellar.

Foreign plate seems to have escaped the wholesale destruction which overtook that of this country, and a chalice dating from 1222 is not the only, although the most beautiful, specimen of early Gothic art lent by Sir Samuel Montagu, who is able to fill an entire case from his private collection. Spanish art is almost wholly represented by processional crosses; while the more refined style of French art of the fifteenth century is, unfortunately, limited to a magnificent ciborium, lent by Sir T. G. Carmichael, and two or three other works of almost equal beauty. The German silversmiths are distinguished rather by ingenuity than grace, and show a tendency to overload their designs with somewhat laboured conceits.

One case which will attract the attention of plate-collectors is that containing a number of spoons—ranging from 1480 to 1700—among which the Apostle spoons are most conspicuous. Germany and Flanders seem to have been the countries where this branch of the silversmith's craft was most practised and brought to the greatest

perfection, and, as we know, Albrecht Dürer and other artists of lesser fame were accustomed to make designs for such work.

It is not possible, within the limits of our space, to deal with the contents of the several cases, each one of which deserves careful attention. Opinions may differ as to whether it would not have been better to have classified the specimens more chronologically; but had this been done the general effect would doubtless have suffered, and the committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club must be congratulated, not only upon the assemblage of so many masterpieces, but also upon the effectiveness of their arrangement.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes has returned from South Africa, where he had excellent opportunities, of which he has taken full advantage, and the fruits of his labour are now to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. Until this campaign he had given no idea that his talents lay in the lines of a war-correspondent. One is almost tempted to imagine how Meissonier would have acquitted himself in such a connection; for hitherto Mr. Menpes has chiefly been known by his careful and almost microscopic work. Nor does the comparison between the French and the English artist fail when we take such panoramic pictures as "Lord Roberts at the Battle of Osofontein," "Boer Prisoners on their Way from Paardeberg," and similar subjects, which give occasion for several of the most interesting pictures in the present collection. There are, moreover, many episodes of camp life, which Mr. Menpes has noted with an eye to the picturesque, and with an appreciation of what may become historically interesting, especially those dealing with the exploits of the C.I.V., or such memorable spots as Jacobsdal, the Modder River, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes's Groote Schuur and his fruit farm. The majority, however, of the 120 drawings now exhibited are portraits of officers and politicians who took a leading part in the campaign, and among these Lord Roberts, Sir Alfred Milner, and Mr. Rhodes appear as the ruling triad, under all forms and in every costume. In fact, one may say of the exhibition that it is overwhelmed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who dominates the show, and obtrudes himself upon notice at every turn. Mr. Menpes has evidently studied him closely, and has wished to convey some idea of the individuality of the man who has played such an important part in the history of Africa and in the evolution of British Imperialism. Whether or not he has succeeded is open to doubt; for although the face as portrayed exhibits strength of will, it does not convey the sense of restless energy one connects with Mr. Rhodes's career. Among the other portraits, those of Earl Roberts are marked by great character and vivacity; while those of Sir Alfred Milner are in a degree disappointing, when one thinks of the immense responsibility with which he is entrusted. In his portrait-sketches of Generals French, Pole-Carew, and Hector MacDonald, Mr. Menpes has preserved characteristic memorials of three of our most successful commanders, and in those of Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and Dr. Conan Doyle, he has given us satisfactory likenesses of men who, in a different way, have identified themselves with episodes of this prolonged campaign.

The peaceful West of England is dealt with by Mr. Wilfrid Ball and Mr. Lee Hankey, whose works, chiefly in water-colour, fill two rooms of the Fine Art Society's Galleries. Mr. Ball is a most prolific painter, and makes one regret that he should prefer to produce *multa* instead of aiming at *multum*. He has attained a more than usual dexterity, and has a good eye for colour, but one fails to find any trace of thought or imagination in the hundred sketches of the coasts of Devon and Cornwall which he has put together. He is almost as safe a guide to the beauties of our southern coasts as an intelligent photographer might be, and his pictures should be invaluable to the railway companies desirous of stimulating a constant flow of travellers. Beyond this it would be difficult to go; for their "slickness" inspires no enthusiasm.

The importance of the difference between "a" and "o" has been emphasised by a number of correspondents who have pointed out to us that a picture in last week's issue, given as a view of Homburg, represented in reality a much more important place, the name of which differs only by the former of the letters named from that of the other.

In view of the forthcoming season the Irish railways are publishing, through Messrs. Walter Hill and Co., of London, an illustrated guide, entitled "Through Erin's Isle," dealing with the whole of the tourist resorts of the country. The guide will be distributed gratis throughout the United Kingdom, America, and the Colonies, and may be obtained from the London Agent, 2, Charing Cross, and from all stations on the London and North-Western and Great Western Railways.

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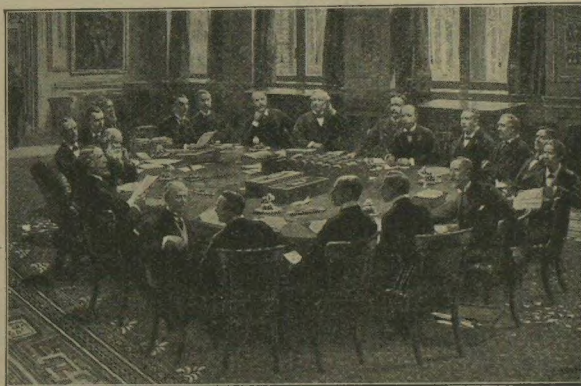
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FROM A SKETCH BY MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.

KING EDWARD VII. AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.



KING EDWARD VII. SHOWING THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA THE TREE PLANTED IN 1895 BY HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

FROM A SKETCH MADE BY KING EDWARD'S PERMISSION AT FRIEDRICHSHOF BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S GERMAN VISIT.

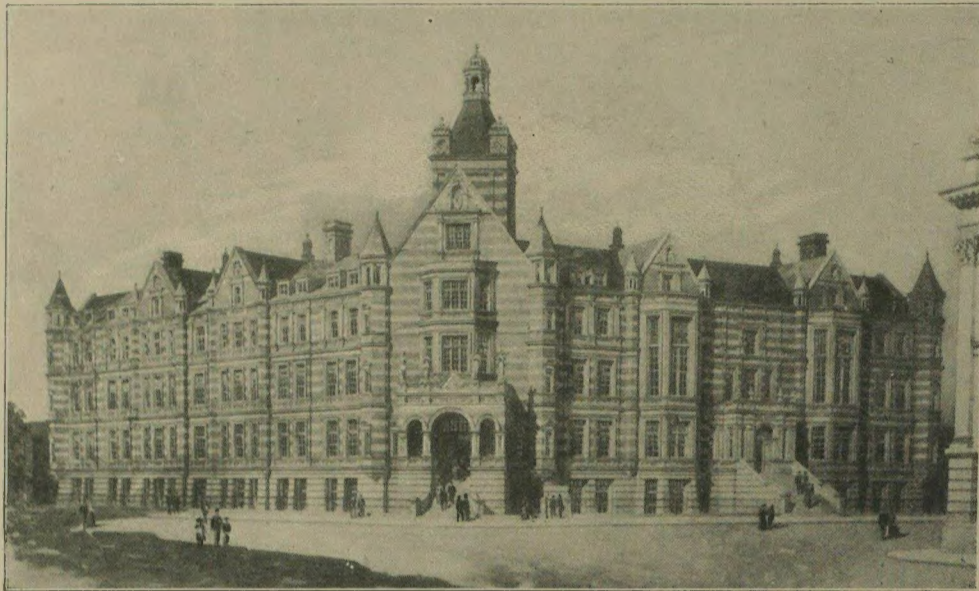
The King, who returned to Marlborough House on Sunday evening, had at least the satisfaction of leaving the Empress Frederick in better health than he found her. On Tuesday last week her Imperial Majesty passed an hour in the park of Friedrichshof Castle, wheeled in a bath-chair beside her brother. The Kaiser came over from Homburg that day to lunch at Friedrichshof, and the two monarchs had an opportunity of talking together by the fire in the Great Hall before they set forth on two sleighs—the King being accompanied by the Duchess of Sparta. The sleighs went through the wintry woods to Saalburg, whence the Emperor proceeded to the railway station at Homburg, on his return to Berlin. The King, after seeing his nephew off, went back to the Castle. The morning's airing in the park had so little fatigued the Empress Frederick that she spent an hour after dinner that evening with her guests in the Golden Room.

Next day, the King, accompanied by the Duchess of Sparta, Sir Frank Lascelles, and Sir Francis Laking, drove in a sleigh to Falkenstein, and there inspected thoroughly the Sanatorium founded in 1874 for treatment of diseases of the chest and lungs. Dr. Dettweiler is its Consulting Physician, and Dr. Hess was the guide of the royal party. At one point his Majesty, seeing a patient bareheaded, told him in German to keep his hat on, to which the man replied, explaining that he was an Englishman. A talk between the King and his sick and exiled subject ensued. The various hygienic appliances were inspected during a visit which lasted the greater part of an hour. On the day following, another hospital was visited—that at Cronberg; and the King, accompanied again by the Duchess of Sparta, Sir Francis Laking, and others, visited Cronberg Castle, built early in the fourteenth century, and also the Protestant church presented by the Kaiser to his mother ten years ago. On March 1 half an hour was spent by the King, the Duchess of Sparta, Sir Francis Laking, and Captain Ponsonby in the Convalescent Home at Rupperts-hain, delightfully situated high up on the Taunus Mountains. In the afternoon the Empress Frederick was well enough to receive Sir Frank Lascelles for the first time. At the farewell dinner that night all the guests wore medals or souvenirs presented to them by the King: Sir F. Lascelles a scarf-pin, the Hon. Richard Acton the Victorian Order of the Fourth Class, and so on. After a final interview with the Empress, much cheered and comforted by her brother's visit, the King left Friedrichshof punctually at noon on Saturday, March 2, driving to the station with his nieces, the Duchess of Sparta and Princess Margaret of Hesse. Before leaving the Castle, the King showed the Duchess of Sparta the tree planted by Queen Victoria in 1895.

The British Ambassador and his secretary of Legation, Mr. Acton, received his Majesty at the station; last farewells were said; and the train steamed slowly along the line on its way to Frankfurt, proceeding thence to Cologne, where the station-master received the Cross of the Third Class of the Victorian Order. A special train brought his Majesty to Flushing by ten that night, and the *Victoria and Albert* was boarded, preparatory to her departure at six the next morning. She passed the Nore amid showers and squalls at a quarter to three on Sunday afternoon, and reached Victoria Pier, unsaluted—by his Majesty's command—three-quarters of an hour later. A special train took the King in quick time to Charing Cross, where he was met by the Duke of Cornwall and York, whom he affectionately embraced. The short drive to Marlborough House was made through an avenue of sightseers, who cheered the King after his first absence from his dominions since his accession.

THE "OPHIR."

The *Ophir*, with Commodore A. L. Winsloe on board, arrived at Sheerness, from Tilbury Docks, on Wednesday last week, and having adjusted her compasses, left later in the day for Portsmouth, where a busy time is being passed in preparation for her departure for Australia with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on board. Captain Percy Scott's flashlight has been fitted at the head of the mainmast, and the crew have "H.M.S. *Ophir*" on their cap ribbons, by which sign the observant know that the *Ophir* ceases for the time being to exist as a royal yacht—royal yachtsmen being the only naval sailors whose



NEW TECHNICAL INSTITUTE IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT PORTSMOUTH.

The building, designed by Mr. G. E. Smith, a local architect, is to be erected in Park Road. The cost will be £42,000.

ship's name does not so appear. Specially hand-picked coal was taken on board on Friday; and on Monday a large body of joiners, employed till then on the new royal yacht, boarded the *Ophir* and got to work at alterations and improvements, which are all to be completed next Wednesday. There is talk of a slight curtailment of the Australian tour, and a cablegram to that effect has been received by Lord Hopetoun from Mr. Chamberlain. The date of the South African visit is now fixed for August, Durban being reached on the 12th and Simons Town on the 16th. The Canadian cruise follows, and "every Province" is to be visited by the royal couple if Sir Wilfrid Laurier has his patriotic way. The suite of the royal travellers will consist of Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Katherine Coke, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Keppel,

and a semi-state landau are going to Australia to meet the Duke and Duchess on their arrival there; and the *Ophir* is to have for escort the cruisers *Juno* and *St. George*.

THE BREAKING-UP OF THE "ELFIN."

In her day, the royal yacht *Elfin* has been a good ship of State. She has carried to and from Osborne more members of the Cabinet than any other single vessel ever had aboard. She has borne confidentially the secrets of Governments in letters and despatches from Downing Street to the royal closet, and has done her duty well and without mishap. These statesmen in great number are gone—

some of them are nearly forgotten; and now it is the *Elfin's* time to go. The order has issued forth from the Admiralty to Portsmouth that she is to be "paid off" on March 18, previously to being broken up. She is not to be allowed to be a relic—as well she might be—of the Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria, though these include Wellington, Disraeli, Gladstone. The mention of Wellington reminds us of the almost panic in which he wrote when steam as a motive power at sea was first approved in Whitehall. The *Elfin* herself dates from those early days, having been built in 1848.

THE NEW COUNTY COUNCIL.

The elections for the London County Council on Saturday last week have given the Progressives an overwhelming majority of representatives. Rather more than 537,000 votes were recorded, of which the Progressives polled 283,000, the Moderates 245,000, the Independents 5000, and the Social Reformers 3000. These figures, perhaps, rather generously allow the Progressives a majority of over fifty at the Council Board, which is sixteen more than they had before the election. Unopposed returns were made in five divisions—Camberwell (North), Islington (South), Southwark (West), and two of the Divisions of Tower Hamlets (Bow and Bromley and Poplar). Nine of these members are Progressive, and one, in Islington, an Independent. Our Illustration shows a group of eight members of the triumphant party. The sharp line sometimes drawn during electoral contests luckily reaches almost the vanishing-point when serious deliberation begins. It may, therefore, be found that the Moderate minority will be helpful colleagues when questions like the Housing of the Poor come to be discussed. The cold water thrown upon them—as the supposed friends of the water companies—no doubt extinguished a good many lights that might otherwise be burning. But that douche will soon be forgotten. Altogether a very useful set of local legislators will meet in Spring Gardens—nor are they any less interesting as the bearers, in many cases, of names new in the annals of public usefulness.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN POTTERY.

One of the finest collections of ancient Roman pottery ever found in Kent has been discovered quite close to Walmer Castle, the Cinque Ports residence of Lord Salisbury. The discovery was made by Messrs. Mawson, landscape-gardeners, of Windermere, while excavating at Walmer Lodge. Altogether, the collection comprises forty



ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED NEAR WALMER CASTLE.

Lord Wenlock, Captain Prince Alexander of Teck, Sir Arthur Bigge, Sir Charles Cust, Lord Crichton, the Duke of Roxburghe, Canon Dalton, Dr. Manby, and one or two more. The Chevalier de Martino is of the party in an artistic capacity. Born a Neapolitan, he has lived in England for a quarter of a century, and was Marine Painter in Ordinary to Queen Victoria. A supplemental Estimate of £20,000 has already been voted by Parliament for the expense of the voyage. The Colonies themselves, will, of course, bear the cost of the welcome given to the visitors—a welcome that will be as hearty as crowds and bunting and cheering can make it. Outriders, postilions,

pieces. According to archaeological authorities who have seen them, some of the specimens are very valuable, and about sixteen hundred years is considered the period they have been buried. Some of the pieces of pottery are in a remarkable state of preservation, with the glaze still upon them. They were found in two separate sets, some distance apart, two feet below the surface, and evidently marked the sites of two interments. One of these urns is a beautifully fashioned green glass vessel, which was found inside a large wine-jar of the period, together with a water-bottle and another specimen of the potter's art. Some of the articles still bear the name of the maker.

PERSONAL.

From Dublin is announced the death of Professor George Francis Fitzgerald, Fellow of Trinity College, in that city. The son of Bishop Fitzgerald, of Cork, he was born just fifty years ago in the Irish capital. At the age of thirty he was appointed Registrar of the University Engineering School; and, shortly afterwards, Erasmus Smith Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy. In 1883 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and acted during the greater part of the eighties as the

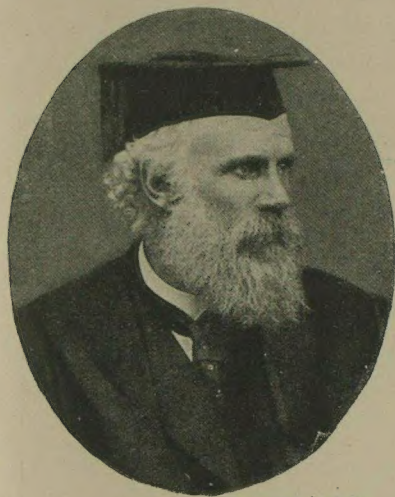


Photo. D'Arcy, Dublin.
THE LATE PROFESSOR G. F. FITZGERALD,
Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

honorary secretary of the Royal Dublin Society. His was a foremost figure among the advocates of University Reform; and his views on the "Modernisation" of Trinity College and on the higher education of women were urged with singular force and point. He became in due time a valuable member of the Board of Education, and was appointed only a few months ago to the Intermediate Education Board.

The King and Queen have expressed their intention of continuing as Patron and President respectively of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses. This will be good news for the profession, considering how many of their old associations with societies and institutions their Majesties are now perforce obliged to end.

The Duke of Cambridge has lived long enough to see great changes in our system of military administration. But the debate of Monday must have been almost the most personally enthralling episode of his public life. The Hartington Commission which was to reform the Army, and which led to his own relinquishing of the command in favour of Lord Wolseley, he heard Lord Wolseley denounce in the terms we know. The Duke of Cambridge has this great advantage of a long life—he can apply the test of time to all the experiments of which he was, in a certain professional sense, made the victim.

A Berlin journal is responsible for the statement that Mr. Kruger and his advisers in Holland have been discussing the expediency of "branding British prisoners of war." It is interesting to learn that De Wet is opposed to this amiable idea. "We are so soft-hearted," said one of Mr. Kruger's friends. "We have no mind for war, and so refrain from taking practical and effective steps." What would be gained by branding prisoners, the Boers in Holland do not explain.

The Bishop of Coventry's two million shillings fund has been well taken up throughout the Worcester diocese, and very encouraging meetings have been held in furtherance of its objects. The Bishop describes the needs of the district as appalling. Dean Forrest, speaking at a meeting in Worcester, said he had spent many happy days in the cathedral during the nine years he had been Dean, but the happiest would be the last day of the year when the complete fund was presented in the mother church of the diocese.

Commodore Alfred Leigh Winsloe, R.N., who is to command the *Ophir*, on which the Duke and Duchess of York make their long sea-sojourn, was born just forty-nine years ago. He entered the Navy in 1865; served in the Egyptian War of 1882; sat on Committee for Revision of Naval Signals; served with the Naval Brigade during the East African Expedition of 1890; went to Massikessi to draw a boundary between Portuguese territory and that of the Chartered Company in 1891; had his Captaincy in 1892; and commanded H.M.S. *Spartan* during the Chino-Japanese War. Commodore Winsloe will now visit Australian, South African, and Canadian waters in a particularly memorable tour which will continue for at least six months.



Photo. Heath, Plymouth.
COMMODORE A. L. WINSLOE, R.N.,
To Command the "Ophir."

The representatives of Wales in the House of Commons are agitating for the admission of the Principality to the Royal Arms. They have chosen the emblem of a red dragon, which must not be confused with the monster vanquished by St. George.

The scrimmage in the House of Lords when the King opened Parliament has suggested the propriety of using Westminster Hall on similar occasions. At present Westminster Hall is an ancient monument, and nothing more. For years it was shut on account of a dynamite outrage. No public ceremonial has been witnessed there by this generation except the lying-in-state of Mr. Gladstone.

The King is taking an active interest in the selection of a site for the Victoria Memorial. Various spots have been examined, and there is a lively competition between the Mall and Hyde Park. The Memorial would be more imposing in either situation than tucked away, as it were, under the shadow of the House of Lords.

Mr. Merriman, who is in England, has declined to give public expression to his views of the South Africa question. He says that he cannot see the expediency of making disturbing speeches. Probably the misfortunes of Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner in this country have something to do with Mr. Merriman's reticence. He describes himself, by the way, as not a "pro-Boer," but a "pro-Englishman."

Captain Dreyfus has written a book about his imprisonment, and it will appear in May. The policy of "amnesty" does not forbid the publication of books, and so the "Affaire" promises an eternity of print.

The new Head Master of Winchester, the Rev. Hubert Murray Burge, M.A., has been Head Master of Repton School for the last decade. He is closely connected with ecclesiastical life and learning; for he is the son of the Rev. M. R. Burge, of Fort William, Calcutta, and he married Evelyn, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bright, Master of University College, Oxford. He was born in 1862, educated at Bedford and at University College, Oxford, where he had an exceptionally distinguished career. His school-mastering began

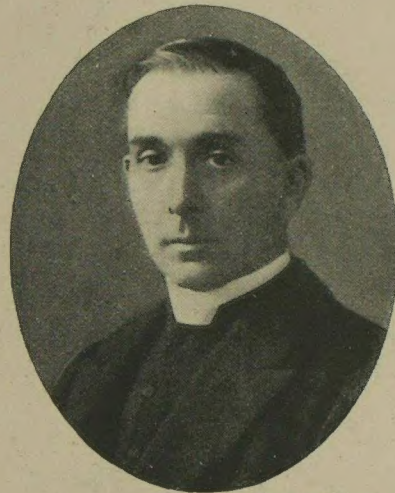


Photo. Lombardi.
THE REV. H. M. BURGE,
New Head Master of Winchester.

with his appointment as Sixth Form Master at Wellington College in 1887. Three years later he was elected Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford, and Dean in 1895.

Canon Nicholson, who has for twenty years been Vicar of St. Stephen's, Low Elswick, Newcastle, is coming to London as Vicar of St. John's, Stratford. Along with his northern benefice he will resign the honorary canonry of Newcastle Cathedral.

Mr. James Huddart, who has died at Eastbourne at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, made his name in the annals of shipping service, and narrowly missed making a great fortune besides. Some of the traditional disabilities and penalties of a pioneer were undoubtedly his. All the same, his achievements were notable. In early life, in Australia, he helped to form the firm of Messrs. Huddart, Parker, and Co., which ran a line of colliers between Newcastle, New South Wales, and Geelong, Victoria. Returning home about fifteen years ago, Mr. Huddart arranged a new and improved passenger service between Australia and New Zealand, the struggle and triumph of which would make a romantic record. Between Australia and Canada ran the next line of steamers organised by Mr. Huddart, who then conceived the scheme of a line of first-class steamers between this country and the Dominion. The route was to divert—with the help of the Canadian Pacific Railway—some of the traffic to Australia now proceeding by the Suez Canal, and was to be "British all through." The confidence of the Canadian Government he secured, but the £3,000,000 capital required was slow to come, and Mr. Huddart had the mortification of seeing negotiations to this end opened with firms other than his own.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. J. HUDDART,
Pioneer in Steam-Packet Service.

Mr. McKinley, at the formal inauguration of his second term of office, announced that self-government would be granted to the Filipinos as soon as they were fit for it. Cuba is to have autonomy at once under strict supervision. Mark Twain thinks that if Admiral Dewey had sailed away from the Philippines after the battle of Manila, the natives would have treated the Spaniards kindly and set up a civilised Administration. He forgets that there was a German squadron in the harbour.

The London County Council elections have given the Progressives a majority of nearly sixty. The Moderates appealed to the electorate mainly upon the lines of Unionist policy, while their opponents relied upon a purely municipal programme. Some foreign observers, misled by the issue, regard the Progressive victory as a blow to the Government. They do not understand that many London Conservatives are always Progressive in municipal politics.

A serious warning has been given to certain journals which adopted the American plan of trying a prisoner charged with murder before he appeared in a court of

justice. If this indiscretion should be repeated it is probable that severe measures will be taken to repress it.

Mr. Henry Francis Wilson, who has just been appointed the first Colonial Secretary of the new Orange River Administration, went out to South Africa in February 1900 on special service as legal adviser to His Excellency the High Commissioner. Mr. Wilson is a late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in June 1888, being subsequently sent out on special missions to Trinidad and Malta. In 1895 he became principal Private Secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, and acted in that capacity till after the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in 1897, when he was appointed Legal Assistant at the Colonial Office. He has since edited the series "Builders of Greater Britain."



Photo. Bassano.
MR. H. F. WILSON,
Secretary of the Orange River Colony.

The Rev. Percy Dearmer has arranged for an interesting series of Lenten services at St. Mary's, Primrose Hill. Canon Scott Holland, Canon Barnett, and the Rev. Russell Wakefield are among the special preachers.

The Maidstone election resulted in the return of Sir Francis Evans, Liberal member for Southampton in the late Parliament. Mr. John Barker, who was elected for Maidstone at the General Election by a majority of thirty-eight, was unseated on petition. Sir Francis Evans's majority was 193. His return makes no change in the balance of parties.

M. Déroulède has been formally expelled from the Chamber of Deputies, together with M. Marcel Habert. M. Déroulède has fluttered the dovescotes of the French Royalists by charging M. Buffet with treachery. The case is rather complicated, but M. Buffet denies all the allegations, and is apparently eager to fight a duel with M. Déroulède. The Waldeck-Rousseau Government has profited by the incident, and that accounts for the furious scene in the Chamber when it was proposed to strike M. Déroulède's name off the list of Deputies.

A Major and a lady are formidable antagonists, especially when the lady is armed with a whip, which ought not in this case to be called a horse-whip. The Guardians at Lewisham were onlookers when one of their members, who is a lady, made the attack on another of the members, who is a Major. The police were called in, and then, if ever, the Major, heavily handicapped by his sex, had his chance. But we read, with an accession of pride in the male military, "that he refused to give her in charge."

No. 4, Whitehall Gardens, now in the market, is a house with a history. Sir Robert Peel occupied it for many years, as Prime Minister and in Opposition, and in it he died, after his fall from his horse. It is a coincidence worth remembering that Lord Beaconsfield came, after his wife's death, to No. 2, Whitehall Gardens, next door but one to the residence of the Minister between whom and himself there had been exchanged so many sword-thrusts that did not kill.

Sir George Samuel Measom, who died at the end of last week at his residence at St. Margaret's, near Twickenham, was the son of Mr. Daniel Measom, of Blackheath, and was born in 1818. His earlier life was spent largely in the preparation and publication of official guides to the railways of Great Britain and the Continent. This was done to such good purpose that he was able, thirty years ago, to retire from business and to devote himself to the various public philanthropies he had at heart. His work as Chairman and Treasurer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as Chairman of the Cancer Hospital Committee, and as Chairman of the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, is well known, and it had its public recognition in the knighthood conferred upon him in 1891.

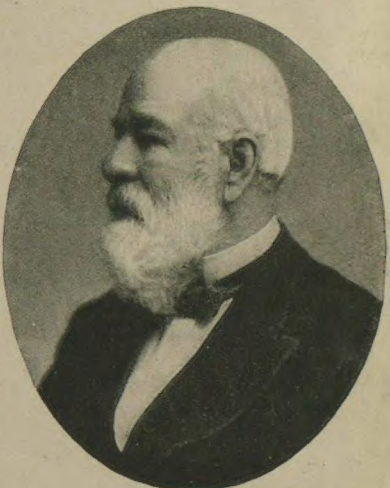


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR G. S. MEASOM,
Chairman of Royal Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Animals.

We are officially informed that his Majesty the King, and not Queen Alexandra, as has been announced, is Colonel of the 1st Prussian Dragoons.

General regret has been felt by the enforced absence from Parliament of the Earl of Kimberley, whose illness is understood to take the form of complications affecting the action of the heart. Lord Kimberley's last appearance in his place was an historic one—when, evidently under great emotion, he paid his tribute to the Monarch whom he had repeatedly served in positions of great trust.

THE WAR OFFICE QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, MARCH 4.

Lord Wolseley (ex-Commander-in-Chief).

Lord Salisbury.

Duke of Devonshire.



Lord Roberts.

Lord Lansdowne (ex-War Minister).

Lord Raglan.

Duke of Bedford.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND THE EX-WAR MINISTER: LORD WOLSELEY'S INDICTMENT OF THE EXISTING MILITARY SYSTEM.

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

THE BEAUTY OF SAYBOURNE

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.



Illustrated by Abbey Altson.

THE Moore Farm was the largest on the Saybourne estate; and its tenant, Mr. James Moore, was certainly up to date. He scorned any of the old-fashioned ways practised by his father and his grandfather, and in his use of modern methods, his economy, and his successful cropping he was a pattern to his neighbours. He might greatly have improved the agriculture of his part of the country had he been less ready to assert his own knowledge and wonderful practical skill. Unluckily, he never tired of proclaiming his own success. Tryphena Woods said: "That there James Moore's allus a-trumpettin' hisself."

He was so cocksure in prophesying what would happen to those who persisted in bygone ways that the other farmers shunned him, and their wives cold-shouldered his pretty daughter. The man, however, was kind to the sick and poor; he often told his daughter Polly to carry fresh eggs and butter, and sometimes fresh vegetables, to an ailing neighbour.

Polly lost her mother when she was a child, and for some years the girl had been her own mistress. Even at the boarding-school in Exton, Polly's pretty face, her charming figure, and seductive little ways had made her at first the spoiled darling, and, as she grew older, the queen of the community. When she came home, she was the unrivalled beauty of the village. All the young fellows in the neighbourhood professed themselves her admirers; but Polly was extremely disdainful: she was an only child, and she considered herself an heiress.

Instead of a garden, there was a square courtyard in front of the old stone house, which had been tenanted by Moores for a hundred and fifty years. The grey house occupied two sides of the courtyard; the road ran in front of the main building, the fourth side being filled up with a barn and a range of stabling.

Polly Moore stood in the courtyard near the stone mounting-block; her bright grey eyes were fixed on the chestnut horse fastened to a hook in the wall near her; she seemed not to be listening to Richard Price, yet she heard every word the tall young fellow said. Her golden hair shone in the full light, but her lip curled disdainfully as she held her round white throat even more erect than usual.

The striking-looking, gipsy-faced man beside her was evidently impatient of her silence: a sudden light flamed in his handsome dark eyes.

"You've not given me an answer, and I want one?"

She tossed her head, then she laughed at him.

"You seem to think I keep answers by me ready-made. I believe you fancy they come as easy as water from the pump: even a pump dries sometimes," she said mischievously.

"My question was not difficult," he said. "Which should you like best to spend your life in—town or country?" His voice sounded vexed.

"Mercy me!"—Polly cast up her eyes in mock despair—"how you do persevere; just like Patch when he's got a bone. You see I really can't say; I've not lived in a town except when I was at school and a school-girl."

"A school-girl like you is the most charming creature in the world," he interrupted with an adoring glance.

Miss Moore smiled pityingly, and showed the dearest little dimple in the cheek next him.

"Well, let me see: I believe the only possible answer is that all depends on one's companions—though, to be sure, London brings its compensations in the way of shops."

"But, if you loved your companion, you would not care about shops? All places would be alike," he said eagerly.

"Hum!" Polly began to unfasten the bridle from the hook. "I've never considered it in that way, it sounds romantic. You see, love and romance are such old-fashioned ideas; they were neither of them taught at my school." She laughed teasingly.

Warm blood glowed under his bronzed skin.

"That's carrying it a little too far, Miss Polly. Have you forgotten the magazines I used to get for you and drop over the garden wall? Why, they were full of romances. How about the notes I used to find at the

foot of the wall? Please make haste with the next number, I'm dying to know what happened to the lovers. Come, Miss Polly, I have you there!"

She pouted, and flung the end of the bridle at him.

"Years bring changes I've got to think love-tales regular bosh. But, really, Mr. Price, if your uncle lent you that fine horse, you ought not to keep it standing so long; besides, I've something else to do." She put up her hand to hide a yawn.

"You are greatly changed," he said in a vexed tone. "I wonder how it has come about."

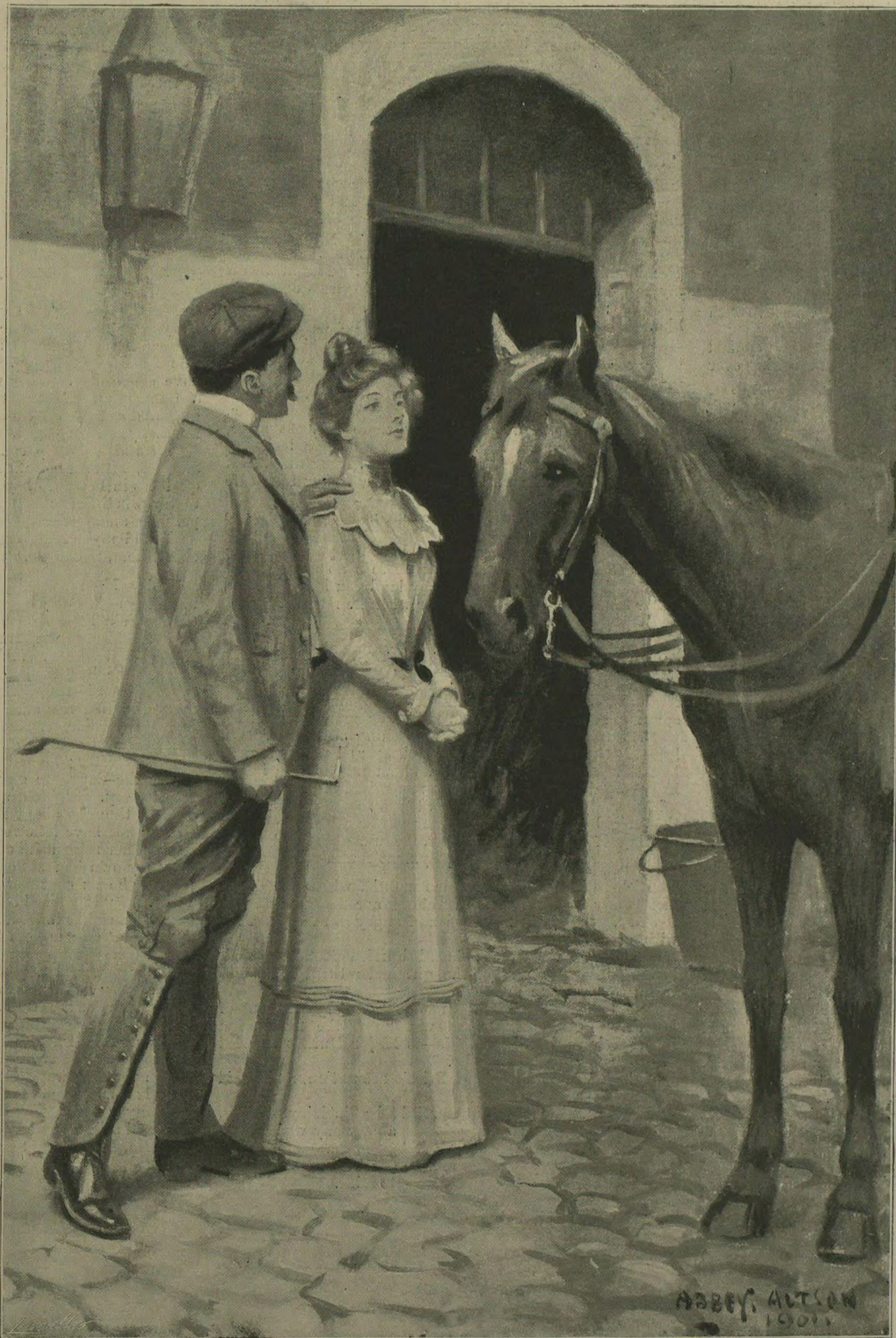
She laughed, and pushed the golden tendrils of hair off her face.

"Not a bit of it," she said saucily. "I've only developed. When you first knew me I was fifteen, wasn't I? I'd scarcely ever spoken to a man except our music-master, Monsieur Grégoire. Ah, he was an old dear. Didn't he know how to pay compliments?"

"Do you mean that you tolerated me in those days because you knew no better?" he said angrily.

She shook her golden head at him; the wind blew the soft, shining hair into a fluffy aureole round the daintily poised head, while her bright eyes sparkled with coquettish meaning.

Richard Price looked at her with longing eyes, but he felt helpless. He was not in a position to ask any girl to be his wife; he knew that some day he should be well off; meantime he disliked regular work and fixed hours. People said this was because his mother had gipsy blood; she and his father had lived for years in New Zealand, but Richard had come over as a boy to his uncle, David Price, Mr. Stenson's bailiff. Four years ago Richard had made Polly Moore's acquaintance in Exton, he being at the time a clerk in the bank there. He had



"You've not given me an answer, and I want one?"

tired of that employment, and of another which had been found for him. For more than a year he had been loafing in Saybourne, and his uncle did not know what to do with him.

Polly knew all this, for Richard was often at the farm, and when she asked in seeming innocence—

"What are you doing now, Mr. Price?" he felt that she was trying to wound him. He pulled off his hat.

"Good-day, Miss Moore."

She admired the ease with which the tall young fellow vaulted into his saddle and rode away. She knew that he was more in love with her than ever, and she rejoiced.

Though she dearly loved admiration, she preferred it from her betters; at the same time she did not object to it from Mr. Markham, the well-to-do owner of the Brook Mill. Mr. Markham had a wife, and therefore Polly argued, was not likely to fall in love with her; he paid her compliments in a quiet, sensible way, while Richard looked as if he wanted to eat her; he was far more fiery than Major Durant.

II.

Raymond and I were enjoying that very rare pleasure, a ramble together. We had walked to the mill some way along the road to the left at the end of the village: we could see the breezy downs in front, while on the waste beside us ran the winding, fern-bordered brook which turned the huge water-wheel of the mill. As we came back to the village we met Richard Price.

He was walking fast, his head bent forward; so absorbed was he that we should have passed him unrecognised, if my husband had not spoken to him.

At this Richard took off his hat, apologised for his blindness, and went on.

"What a good-looking fellow he is!" I said. "What a pity his uncle doesn't find him something to do."

Raymond was silent. Presently he said.

"It is more than a pity. I'll go on now and speak to David Price again about him. I have my fears, however, that Richard will not work."

"I can't help thinking a big, powerful fellow like Richard would do better in out-of-door employment than in a bank."

"Yes, but the uncle's idea was to teach the fellow business habits, and the value of money. I believe the parents are fairly well off, and they have only one other child, a daughter. David has been married these twenty years, and is childless. I'm afraid Richard counts on all this, and chooses to be idle. David may have had another reason for wishing to keep his nephew away from Saybourne."

Raymond stopped and looked behind him.

"Hum, he's in full talk with that gipsy tramp, Luke Blyte: the fellow's a poacher—I saw him skulking on the waste, perhaps watching for Richard. Luke is a thorough vagabond."

"I believe young Price admires Polly Moore. Perhaps if they were engaged, Richard might settle to steady work?"

"I doubt it; Miss Polly seems too much in love with herself to be a real help to any man."

I told Raymond, as I left him, that he was in a cynical mood. We had reached the Moore Farm, and looking over the gate I saw Polly at her parlour-window.

She received me charmingly. She looked so sweet and dainty that I told myself Raymond was hard on her. It was surely natural that so pretty a girl should like admiration. After all, she might not seek it. "Most men make fools of themselves about a pretty girl," I thought.

"I met young Price just now."

Polly looked serenely unconscious. "He was here an hour or so ago," she said carelessly.

I asked after her father.

"Quite well, thanks."

It was summer-time, and the bees buzzed pleasantly round the window at the far end of the parlour. Below it was a big lavender bush; an old-fashioned honeysuckle, nailed against the house, made the room fragrant with its nosegays of pink and white blossom.

"Do you think you will have a good take of honey?"

"I've left off seeing to the bees, Mrs. Harte; I heard that the barmaid at the Anchor was stung on the cheek, and that wouldn't suit me."

Polly was in a lofty mood this afternoon.

"I shall be glad to have some chickens from you, as soon as they are ready."

She flushed and looked annoyed.

"We shall be glad to oblige you, I'm sure, Mrs. Harte; I'll tell the dairywoman to let you have them. I leave those matters to her. I've no time; so many letters to write, you see, and so many engagements."

I said "Good-bye," and came away. It seemed waste of time to pay Polly a long visit. I had been fond of her as a child, and I hoped she would grow wiser; I also hoped she would learn to care for Richard Price.

The clouds had gathered ominously while I sat talking at the farm, and as I came up to the smithy near the corner of the village lane, Harry, the powerful blacksmith, called out "Good evening; 'twill be a rough night, Ma'am."

I looked at the swelling masses of grey cloud, deepening rapidly in tint, and I hurried on. It seemed as if the storm would break before I reached the Rectory.

Priscilla stood at the gate with a telegram in her hand. She said the Rector had told her to give it to me. She was to say he had hurried off to Exton, as the Vicar, our friend, Mr. Brackley, was very ill. Priscilla was also to say that my husband would not be home that evening; he had gone on to the Manor House. Mr. Price, the bailiff, would drive him to the station.

The telegram said our dear friend had had a seizure; there was "little hope of recovery."

This was a great grief as well as a great loss for Raymond, and I knew that he would stay at Exton as long as he could be of use. About bed-time the storm began. I felt too restless to go upstairs, and telling Priscilla to leave the long French window unshuttered, I said I would fasten it up later and put out the lamp.

The lightning was awful in its magnificence, the crash of thunder seemed close to the house; an hour went by before it sank to a rumbling among the hills which at some distance surround Saybourne.

One or twice the room was so filled with blue sapphire-like radiance that I could have read by it. I had turned

down the lamp, and put it at the farthest end of the room, within the archway, so that but for the lightning the window was in darkness.

I had not been very well, and I suppose the shock of the telegram, so closely followed by the storm, had unnerved me, but I fell asleep, and must certainly have slept for some time, when I suddenly awoke. I felt very cold and the room seemed dark, but in a minute or so I remembered where I was, and that the lamp must be still alight in the recess within the archway. As I got up I looked at the window, and saw that it was lighter outside than within the room. The masses of cloud had been dispersed by the storm-wind, and the deep purple sky glittered with a profusion of stars. I love star-gazing, and I began to look for some of my old friends, Vega and others among them.

All at once I heard a rustling sound near the window. I was for a moment greatly frightened, and then I thought it was some dog or cat. I looked to the left, where the sound seemed to be, and I confess my heart stood still with fear—at least it seemed to cease beating. I could make out a man's figure crouching among the laurels of the shrubbery. Was it a tramp, or a burglar? I have heard people say burglars are cowards, and cannot face the light. I hurried through the archway; my lamp was still burning. I turned it up into full light, and carried it to the window. To my dismay, the figure came closer. I was too frightened to move away. In a moment the man pressed his face against the glass; I recognised Richard Price.

"Let me in; please let me in."

He must have spoken very low, for the sound seemed breathed to me through the glass.

I did not pause to think; I opened the glass doors. Richard stepped in; he instantly turned, closed the window, fastened the shutters, and drew the heavy curtains.

I was still too much alarmed to question him; I only said in a trembling whisper—

"What do you want?"

"I've been waiting there this half-hour; I was in hopes the Rector might come out for a smoke. I'm in trouble, Mrs. Harte. I was fool enough to go out to-night with my gun; we thought that maybe after the storm the keepers would stay indoors, but it wasn't so; they came on us, and they're now tracking me."

I took up the lamp, and led the way into the recess; I was sure no glimmer of light could from this point reach the window.

"You want shelter, I suppose?" I said gravely.

He looked ashamed.

"If you'll be so good, Mrs. Harte. I know it's my own fault; I'd been asked to go out, and said I wouldn't; then I passed Moore Farm on my way back, and I saw—you know who. She'd snubbed me not so long before, and she was smiling and carrying on with that young Major Durant, a fellow who's only playing with her. No decent girl should listen to him for a moment. It sent me off my head; I was mad (I've come to my senses out there to-night); I went back to my man and closed hands with him. 'Tis for my uncle's sake I ask for shelter, Mrs. Harte; I think the Rector would give it me, angry as he might be. Uncle David would not hold his head up again if I were caught and taken to jail."

While he spoke I had time to collect my wits.

"I will do this for you, Richard. Take off your boots, and follow me to the Rector's study, there's a sofa there, and I will give you a rug. The Rector always locks the study door at night, and keeps the key till morning, so if you go away by the window before six, you will be safe there to-night."

He bent his head and followed me noiselessly. Before I left the study, I said—

"I hope this escape will be a lesson to you, Richard; do get some honest employment, there's no saying what sin and disgrace your idle life may land you in. You had better come up and see the Rector when he returns."

The months passed rapidly away, but a good deal happened while they slipped by. Mr. Brackley recovered from his seizure; but he died a few weeks later. Before the end came, however, the good old man had found Richard Price a place in the West of England with a land agent and surveyor. My husband was greatly disturbed when I told him of Richard's poaching adventure. We learned afterwards that the gamekeepers had been close by; they said they could not understand how the fellow had escaped them; they had not recognised him. Raymond said the only way to save Richard was to make him leave the neighbourhood; and although David Price knew nothing of this poaching affair, he was delighted when his nephew accepted the employment found for him.

Richard had been gone some months when one day I met Polly Moore between the Manor House and the Rectory. She looked flushed and angry as she passed me with a rapid greeting.

Some minutes later I heard hurried footsteps, and, looking back, I saw that the girl had returned and was trying to overtake me.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harte"—she was out of breath—"but I believe you will know the truth of a report I have just heard. Is—Major Durant married to—to Mrs. Hudson's cousin?"

I had forgotten Richard Price's accusation, and I said smilingly—

"Oh, yes; Major Durant married Miss Sinclair yesterday. She is a pretty girl; I fancy it was a very gay wedding."

While I spoke I was surprised by the change in Polly's face. She grew pale, then red, and as I ended she was so white that I thought she was going to faint.

I was soon reassured.

"Miss Sinclair!" she cried out vehemently; "why, she's as plain as she can be; she's got red hair and green eyes, and a long ugly nose. Why, he used to talk about her and laugh, and—" She stopped and grew pale again; then with a sudden burst of sobs: "Yes, I mind now; he said she was no beauty, but her money would float her, and 'cover all shortcomings.' How could he sell himself?"

I was greatly shocked.

"Hush! Polly, I will try to forget what you said; but you had best be silent, till you feel calmer."

Her eyes flashed defiantly, and then she broke down again into passionate crying.

I took her hand without a word, and she let me lead her to the Rectory. I left her in my room to come to herself, and when I rejoined her she told me about her acquaintance with the Major.

It seemed to me that her trouble was mortification from wounded vanity, rather than the suffering of betrayed love. She had allowed this worthless little officer to flatter her, and had believed he meant to marry her. She was more patient than I expected when I told her she ought to be thankful that only her vanity had suffered; and when I said that a man in the Major's position could never have meant to marry her, she did not contradict me.

"It is a proof of God's mercy towards you," I added, "that you were not in love with Major Durant."

At this she blushed very deeply, and cast down her eyes. Presently she looked up at me and said simply: "You have guessed the truth. I could not have loved Major Durant." She then thanked me gratefully, and was in haste to go.

I watched her from the window, and asked myself what she meant. I wondered if she really cared for Richard Price.

III.

It was August when Richard went away. In the weeks that followed, whenever we saw the Manor House bailiff, he had a good account to give of his nephew. I began to feel happy about Richard, though I hoped he would not be in a hurry to return to Saybourne. Luke Blyte had managed to escape detection in the act of poaching, though most people knew that the keepers suspected him. I have a firm belief in the old saying, "It is never too late to mend," and I asked my husband whether it would not be possible to induce Luke to give up his poaching habits.

"You can try your influence, but I believe the love of poaching is as difficult to cure as the love of drink. It seems to be in the blood in certain people just in the same way that a love of gambling or betting is. I sometimes think if such fellows had some innocent amusement provided for them there would be fewer poachers; I believe it is with some of the younger men a mere craving for risk and adventure."

"Well, dear, the Saybourne men are not poachers; perhaps your cricket-club and institute and reading-room may help in keeping the men amused. I often wish the mothers had more to amuse them: the men and the children come off best."

Raymond laughed, and asked if I wanted amusement. He knew that I had just been saddened by the news I had that morning seen in the paper. A steamer had been lost in sight of land filled with English passengers to the Channel Islands. In the list we saw the names of Mr. and Mrs. Wayle. I had not heard from my sweet Nancy Wayle since Easter, and I had often wondered whether she was happy.

Into the midst of these thoughts came Priscilla to ask if I could see Miss Moore.

Polly came in looking more attractive than ever; she was much too smart for a place like Saybourne. I felt sorry she did not try to be as simple in appearance as Mary Stenson was, instead of adorning herself with the third-rate fashions of Exton. Polly Moore to-day seemed to have something on her mind she wished to speak about; she made an effort and then checked herself. While I hesitated as to how I could help her, she said "Good-bye" hurriedly, and departed.

I could not help comparing her with my lost Nancy, and yet, with all her affectation, there were doubtless good qualities in Polly if they could be developed. I resolved to try whether she would not make herself more useful, perhaps, among the old women, of whom we had so many.

I told myself her bright face and winning ways would cheer them, if she were willing.

Polly Moore went slowly home from the Rectory; more than once she stopped and had nearly turned back, then with a little frown and a shrug of the shoulders she went downhill to the farm.

She had that morning received a letter from Richard Price. She had read it twice; at first it touched her, and set her heart beating, while warm colour rose on her face, but on second reading she cooled. Richard said that he had got permanent employment; but after all, she told herself, he was only a clerk. He would, perhaps, never be his own master; he had, in fact, no position to offer her.

As the day wore on she grew restless, and came up to the Rectory. She told me afterwards she had come to ask what I thought about it. She, however, owned that she should not have followed my advice, even if I had given it. On her return she once more read Richard's letter.

"My own dearest Polly." (She made a grimace. "How familiar he is: that shows want of manners. I'm not *his* Polly.") "It's an old story to say I love you, but in my case absence has indeed made the heart grow fonder. You once said it was useless to speak out unless I could marry you." (She sat up and flung down the letter. "He's so brutally downright, poor chap; I suppose he knows no better.") "I am not in a position to offer you a home" ("Then what's the good of writing?") "I like my employer; he gives me interesting work to do. I am not asking you to answer this; I hope, in a day or two, to go over and see you, and to take my answer from your own sweet lips; till then I sign myself always and evermore, your RICHARD."

"It's not much of a letter—it's all about himself."

Polly got up and went to the looking-glass. She shook her head at her own reflection.

"No, I'm much too beautiful to be the wife of a mere clerk; I should do wrong to throw myself away. He must wait—there's no fear of *his* marrying someone else."

Her feelings were so mixed and contradictory that she said afterwards she did not know what to make of herself.

It had grown dusk; her father was smoking his pipe in the kitchen, and she sat at the open parlour window. The evening was singularly mild for November, and the mignonette below the window was still in blossom. All at once a firm footstep sounded on the garden path; Richard Price came round the corner of the house.

Polly was startled. Why had he come, and why should he come in this way instead of by the front-door?

Richard stretched out his hand to take hers, but she did not give it.

"How you frightened me!" she said.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A valuable course of lectures is being given on Mondays during Lent at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, by the Rev. Roland Allen of Peking, Chaplain to the Bishop of North China. The subject of the course is: "Are Foreign Missions Useless? A Reply." While frankly expressing dissent from various missionary methods, Mr. Allen is enthusiastic for the work carried on by missions in China, and considers that recent criticism has in many cases been marked by ignorance and prejudice.

An interesting effort has been made this week by All Souls' Church, Langham Place. The missionaries have been the Rev. E. W. Moore, Incumbent of Emmanuel Church, Wimbledon, and the Rev. W. R. Mowll, of Brixton. Mr. Moore has given a series of Bible readings on the person and work of the Holy Spirit.

The *Church Times* welcomes the letter which has been addressed by the Archbishop of Constantinople to Archbishop Temple as one of many tokens of a desire on the part of the Greek Church to promote a good understanding. Surely, however, the *Church Times* is mistaken in supposing that the number of Anglicans who are aware

IV.

It was a gloomy night. After dinner Raymond said he must sit up later than usual to write a sermon.

He said there was no need for me to sit up; but I stayed, and began to read. I presently fell asleep over my book. I was roused by Raymond's voice—

"Do you think the poor fellow is dying? You are sure the doctor has gone down?"

"Yes, Sir; Miss Moore saw to that, and she bid me come and tell you, Sir."

By this time I was on my feet. Raymond was talking to a man whom I recognised as Mr. Stenson's head keeper. In a minute he added, "You see, Sir, it has to be kept private like: the poor fellow said, as he dropped, 'Don't tell Uncle David.' I hadn't recognised him before, Sir; it was Luke we were after. I thought this poor chap was miles away. It's very unfortunate, Sir. It was quite an accident. I wouldn't have had it happen for anything."

Raymond had been putting on his hat and coat. He came up to me and said in a low voice—

"I wish you'd come with me. Richard Price has been shot by a keeper; he is dying at Moore Farm."

We hurried through the village, too shocked to speak.

"You'll pardon that, dear girl; I know you will. I wrote you not to answer me. I came last night to Exton, I came in this way because I don't want Uncle David to know; I came because I longed for a sight of your sweet face, my darling." He had put his hand in at the window, and it touched her.

Polly instantly moved away; she owned to me later that he looked such a fine handsome fellow, his eyes were so true and loving, that she was forced to harden herself. She feared if he put his arm round her she could not refuse him.

"You should have waited. I meant to answer you. I should have told you to let things be. I don't believe in people tying themselves up for ever so long."

"It shall not be for long, dearest. I swear to you that I have a good hope of claiming you soon. You shall have a pretty house, dearest girl. Let me in by the side-door, there's a darling."

"I can't do that. We have a new maid who knows nothing about you. What would she think?"

Suddenly he grasped the hand nearest the window. She could not free it.

"She would think no harm—how could she?" he said



She had been roused from sleep, and her loosened hair covered her shoulders.

passionately. "Polly, you must, you shall give me your promise. I love you truly, with all my heart and soul. If you will not love me, or give me hope, I shall go to the bad. I don't care what becomes of me. Say Yes, my sweet darling, I beseech you." He pressed close to the window, trampling down the mignonette, and passionately kissed the hand he still held.

Polly lost her head; it seemed to her that in another moment he would come in by the window, snatch her in his arms, and make her promise to be his wife.

She tried hard to free her hand.

"Let me go, I tell you! If you do not loose my hand, I will cry out for help. Go—go away; I did not ask you to come, and—and I never wish to see you again."

He let go her hand and stood looking at her. She said the light in his eyes seemed to scorch her.

"I will not believe you, you cannot be so false; how often you have let me in by that side-door! Ah! Polly, in those days you would let me kiss you; you promised when you were older you would be my little wife."

She was losing her fear, and his words stung her.

"I was a silly child; I did not know the meaning of words; but I know what I am saying now. I wish you to go, Mr. Price, and I do not want to see you again."

She hurried away from the window, and up to her own bed-chamber.

When we reached Moore Farm, only one light was visible, and that came from the window of Polly's parlour.

Dr. Dacre met us at the door. "I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Harte. The poor girl in there wants seeing to."

"And Richard?" Raymond asked.

"Ah, poor fellow! he's gone. I hardly think he was conscious when they brought him in. He said, when they raised him, 'Take me to Moore Farm.'"

I left them, and went into the parlour. They had laid Richard on the sofa. Kneeling beside him, her lips pressed on the dead face, was Polly. She had been roused from sleep, and her loosened hair covered her shoulders and fell on Richard's breast. I thought at first that she had fainted, but when I touched her arm she turned to me a face almost as white as the wrapper that covered her. Even at this distance of time I cannot forget the look she gave me.

"See what I have done!" Her voice sounded hoarse and broken. "I have murdered him. I know now I always loved him."

She hid her face on his shoulder, but she did not cry. Despair, rather than grief, had taken hold of her.

I do not think she ever married. Her father quitted Saybourne, and took a farm in the North. One who saw Polly some time after in her new home told me that she looked years older, and had lost her brightness. It makes one's heart ache to think of her.

of the existence of an Eastern Church is infinitesimally small. The close connection between our own royal family and the Court of Russia, and the frequent great ceremonies which have taken place at Moscow during the present and past generations, have helped the English to understand and sympathise with the Church of Russia. The late Bishop of London did as much as any man to promote the friendly understanding which the *Church Times* desires.

The Rev. C. E. J. Carter, who has been appointed by the Bishop of Stepney to the living of St. Matthew's, City Road, E.C., is a cousin of Lord Kitchener. He has worked for some years amongst the employes of the Government factories at Enfield.

The Bishop of Lichfield, in laying the foundation-stone of new Church schools at Bothen, Stoke-on-Trent, said it was practically assured that the Church of England schools would be preserved to them, no matter what legislation might be passed in the future with regard to elementary education in the country. He thought the Church of England laity deserved the highest credit for the zeal that they had shown for education, especially during the last ten years.

The Hon. and Rev. James Adderley is conducting a mission during Lent at Father Dolling's old church, St. Agatha's Landport.



Vera (Miss N. de Silva). Count Skariatine (Mr. Martin Harvey). . . . Dumnoff (Mr. Sidney Valentine).

Anton Skariatine (Mr. Haviland).

"A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE ROYAL YACHT "ELFIN," ABOUT TO BE BROKEN UP.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S APPROACHING COLONIAL TOUR: THE "OPHIR," ON BOARD WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL SAIL TO AUSTRALIA,



1. The Castle. 2. The Stables. 3. Friedrichshof, with the Taunus Mountains in the Background. 4. Another View of the Castle.

SCENES AT SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF, WHERE KING EDWARD VII. VISITED THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS.



HARD PRESSED: AN INCIDENT OF THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION: A VICTIM TO PARTY POLITICS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



Mr. J. PIGGOTT (P.),
West Newington.



Mr. F. DOLMAN (P.),
Brixton.



MAJOR F. SHEFFIELD (P.),
South St. Pancras.



Mr. H. W. W. WILBERFORCE (P.),
North St. Pancras.



Mr. J. E. SEARS (P.),
North Hackney.



Mr. J. D. GILBERT (P.),
West Newington.



Mr. T. A. ORGAN (P.),
East St. Pancras.



Mr. EDWARD AUSTIN (P.),
Hoxton.

MEMBERS OF THE NEWLY ELECTED LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

Photograph of Mr. Dolman by Elliott and Fry; the others by Russell.



Photo. Randall Mann. Melbourne

AUSTRALIAN MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR QUEEN VICTORIA: THE IMPERIAL GUARD OF HONOUR PASSING ALONG COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE,
ON THE WAY TO THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.



THE HEADS OF TWO EMPIRES: KING EDWARD AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN THE GRAND HALL AT FRIEDRICHSHOF.

Drawn by Mr. S. D. from Mr. Mellor's sketch made at Friedrichshof by King Edward's Special Photographer.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The English Utilitarians. By Leslie Stephen. Three vols. (London: Duckworth. 30s.)
The Yellow Man. By Carlton Dawe. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)
Japanese Plays and Playfellows. By Osman Edwards. (London: Heinemann. 10s.)
Domesticities. By E. V. Lucas. (London: Smith, Elder. 5s.)
Pompeii, the City, its Life, and Art. By Pierre Gusman. Translated by Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain. (London: Heinemann. 25s.)

A great service has been rendered to philosophy in the publication of Mr. Stephen's new volumes. They go far to remove the notion that the world of speculation is removed from the world of fact. The author's plan is not merely to give a bare history of utilitarian theories, but to make clear the whole environment in the midst of which they grew up. We have here an exposition of the contemporary social and political conditions, and of the personal circumstances and sympathies of the philosophers themselves. Utilitarians like Bentham, James Mill, and John Stuart Mill were in constant sympathy with the great religious, political, and social movements of the day. They lived first and thought afterwards. The first volume deals in the main with Bentham; the second with James Mill, Ricardo, and Malthus; the third with J. S. Mill and his opponents. The study of J. S. Mill is peculiarly exhaustive. Chaps. i., ii., iii. of Vol. I. are a notable example of the author's scientific method. They show how, at the beginning of the century, the whole spirit of the time, political, social, and commercial, was in the direction of "individualism." There was the individualism, rooted in the feudal spirit, which held as an axiom, that "every man has certain sacred rights accruing to him in virtue of prescription or tradition, through his inherited position in the social organism." Even the King's right to the crown was implicitly regarded, from the same point of view as the individual's right to his property. There was also the individualism which taught that a man's prospects depend solely on his own character and conduct. Energy, self-reliance, and independence are the qualities that have made our nation great. On these grounds Mr. Stephen is warranted in saying that "Abstract and absolute doctrines of right, when imported from France, fell flat upon the average Englishman." We cannot refrain from quoting, in illustration, his description of the Radical, Horne Tooke: "A comfortable old gentleman, with a good cellar of Madeira, and proud of his wall-fruit in a well-tilled garden, had no desire to see George III. at the guillotine, and still less to see a mob supreme in Lombard Street or bank-notes superseded by assignats" (Vol. I., p. 129). A soil like this is fitted to rear a utilitarian philosophy, which starts from facts and particular interests, and resents the intrusion of first principles. Bentham, for instance, is really led to his great speculations by the failure of his scheme, the Panopticon, "a mill for grinding rogues honest and idle men industrious"; and the utilitarian propaganda began with his reflection on his failure and with his consequent attempt "to provide a political philosophy for radical reformers." It is specially noticeable that by the method of treatment adopted in these volumes an important defect in the utilitarian system is exposed. Man is not a ready-made article, but the product of long and still-continuing evolution. For example, the "man" about whom Bentham reasoned is, as Mr. Stephen archly describes him, "the respectable citizen with a policeman round the corner." This largely explains why Bentham held that self-interest includes the happiness of others. Similarly, Malthus believed that reckless propagation can be checked merely by inculcating prudential restraint in the matter of contracting marriages—that is to say, by the "mere addition of an article to the moral code." In other words, the utilitarian forgot that each individual is really an epitome of past history. A man's varying behaviour cannot always be explained by mere change of circumstances. This is a strain of thought that runs all through these volumes, and in this connection the reader may be referred specially to the criticism of James Mill's ethics (Vol. II., pp. 325-331) and of J. S. Mill (Vol. III., pp. 293-297). No one can claim to understand utilitarianism thoroughly until he has either read these volumes or has read all the history of contemporary movements they so succinctly and so clearly epitomise.

Mr. Carlton Dawe's writing might be better, as it might be worse; but it is greatly too good for so crude a piece of sensationalism as "The Yellow Man." The central idea of the story is effective enough. A restless

sailor, the father of Davie Kingston, the narrator, gets entangled in the meshes of a Chinese secret society, and earns the vengeance of its head, one Kung. His wife is murdered in her quiet home in England; his son and brother-in-law go in constant danger of their lives; and ultimately he himself, having slunk home, a hunted thing, falls under the mysterious and implacable hand from which he has vainly sought escape. The dead man, of course, leaves behind him the clue to all this "blugginess," and presently Davie Kingston and his uncle determine upon an expedition to China, there to accomplish the death of the arch-assassin himself. So far the story is told with some decent respect for probability, though we may object to the failure to follow up the Yellow Man on the Portsmouth road, or to the veil that is allowed to hide the identity of the collector of curios at Brighton. But, once we are on the liner *Omeo* and in the track of Kung, construction and probability and the better manner of writing are left behind, and we are rushed hopelessly down the steep places of sensationalism. We are constrained to add a word as to the printer's share in this book. The copy before us bears no imprint, an omission abundantly justified by the slovenly workmanship.

Mr. Osman Edwards has written a book that must claim the attention of all who take an interest in Japan. Armed with some knowledge of the language and the results of study of contemporary writers, he spent half a year in Japan making his own observations, accepting few statements that he could not verify. Not the least of his qualifications for the work is to be found in the frank acknowledgment of the fundamental differences between the life and thought of Far East and West. He has not sought to judge Japan and the Japanese by Western standards, nor hurried to the conclusion that whatever is incomprehensible is barbarous.



KINTARO FIGHTS THE EARTH-SPIDER.

Reproduced from "Japanese Plays and Playfellows," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

Broad-minded and observant, his book is full of sympathy and appreciation, though he never suspends his critical faculty. He has much to say of the wonderful Nō dramas, a source of frequent blunders to casual visitors, and teaches us incidentally not a little about the relation of drama to social life in Japan. He has collected and translated a series of typical folk-songs through which one may acquire more knowledge of the mood and sentiments of the mass of people than can be obtained through the medium of countless essays. Passing lightly and easily from one subject to another, Mr. Edwards gives charming pictures of social life in places far removed from the haunts of the tourist, and records conversations on religious, social, political subjects with all sorts and conditions of men. He even describes the Shin-Yoshiwara and the life of its inmates, so delicately that it is impossible to take offence. Turning for a moment to consideration of the many books of travel that are published in the course of a single season, the reader must pay tribute to the care and attention that Mr. Edwards has given to his subject. Nothing is slipshod, nothing prejudiced; the writer's style and abundant scholarship make the way easy for travellers over unfamiliar paths. He is fully restrained, there are few purple patches in the book, and yet the charm and colour of Japanese life come more vividly before the reader than in many volumes whose authors have devoted their gifts to word-painting. He has seen the beauty of country and fascination of its life as clearly as Pierre Loti, but has not failed to call judgment to the support of enthusiasm.

In his little book, "Domesticities," Mr. Lucas touches household impressions with the lightest of light hands. The social essayist, as our author says of the social satirist, ought not to include examples so uncommon that one may easily go through a long life and never experience or even hear of them. Mr. Lucas does not fall into this error. All the things he says are things we feel we might have

said ourselves—though, to be sure, he says them better as well as thinks of them earlier. His is a little list, more genial than Mr. Gilbert's, with the contents of which everybody is acquainted. The house where you are expected to be punctual for breakfast, smoked toast, wetted tea, stoves in place of open fires, the correspondents (female, of course) who underline, and those (creatures of both sexes) who cross—we all have them on our list. Mr. Lucas is the broad-minded liver, who is careful about the little things of life, but not prejudiced. He knows to a turn how dry toast should be served—straight from the fork, "with a central layer that is just a hint (no more) of the original loaf, yet so crisp that the mastication of it "reverberates in the head like the thunder of July." At the same time he is no scorner of buttered toast, provided it be fairly thick and drenched with the butter, and—refinement of the true amateur—served in single layers. Dry toast and buttered toast are as distinct as the race-horse and the cart-horse, says Mr. Lucas. He might have said as distinct as whist and bridge. From the chapter "Concerning Walks" we pick out this on walking-sticks: Let the handle be large and obtuse-angled. In downhill work (when a stick is most useful) the support for the hand is fullest. Mr. Lucas is at his best "Concerning Clothes," and particularly on the subject of "hartogs." "Hartogs" he defines as clothes that are less imposing and more comfortable than any others. A plain overcoat might become a "hartog"; a fur-lined overcoat, never. "Hartogs" are winter wear; in summer flannels supersede them. Mr. Lucas points out that on the cricket-field all men are equal in their flannels. In the old days of George Parr and George Freeman the clothes of the professional were a distinguishing sign, whereas now, says Mr. Lucas, from the pavilion a stranger would find it impossible to pick out the paid and the unpaid. But some of us, not strangers, find it difficult to do that from any point of view.

"Pompeii," by Pierre Gusman, presents in letterpress and picture the whole of that disinterred city of Pompeii which tragic chance sealed up for nearly seventeen centuries, with all the horrors of its sudden deaths and the trivialities of its life, to unseal it again in a distant and alien age. Never was such a combination of awful ill-fortune for a town and of fantastic good fortune for the historian and antiquary. Contemporary history began the scheme. The first earthquake was described by Seneca, and we have his description; Tacitus told of another, and we have his story; Pliny was the witness and the reporter of the final and overwhelming catastrophe, and we have his report. And after the history is read, the startling object-lesson is disclosed, and the town of the first century revealed. All travellers know it, and most men are travellers; but we have more leisure over a book than as sightseers in the little streets of Pompeii or in the Museum of Naples, and this book, moreover, is a complete and learned guide. M. Pierre Gusman tells us, in the first place, the history of the destruction, and then of the preservation of the ruin, which latter chance is not the least curious part of the matter. If Pompeii had been found out soon after the catastrophe, it would have been quickly effaced and lost; neglected by people too near its own date to take a keen interest in the discovery; broken through, ploughed over, or used up as the material of a newer town. But the secret was kept long enough to have full value: it was kept until the age of curiosity, the age of study, the prying age of the world. True, something of the secret appeared from time to time at the surface: the wrecked city cast up waifs and strays of its antiquities. But though these were noted and preserved, the existence of a whole Pompeii was not divined during the course of all these centuries. Nothing, moreover, has been wantonly destroyed. While the great marbles of the Parthenon were ruined unheeded upon the Acropolis, while battle and storm were battering the work of Phidias, while the soldiers of the Turk were making marks of the heads of the Victory and the Fates—the scratches upon the walls, the schoolboy's caricature of his master, the lover's message to his mistress, were preserved in Pompeii. The chapter on the worship practised by the Pompeians shows us how complete was their corruption. As for the art, it was of a fifth-rate quality, and of a decadent period even of this. The chapter that sets this forth is of peculiar interest; and yet the same may be said of that which describes the trades. The ruts in the Pompeian streets are of eternal importance. But, by the way, what does the author mean by saying that the chariots "have worn ruts in the flagstones deeper than those a cart loaded with hay would make in a ploughed field." A haycart in a ploughed field! What country eyes ever saw that sight?

[For a List of Books Received, see page 335.]



LARK-HAWKING ON SALISBURY PLAIN A PUT IN.

DRAWN BY G. I. L.

The real fact is, we live in an age of "fads," and the faddists would be masters of us all if only we would allow them to assume the reins of things. Sensible folks will ask themselves the question, Who is most likely to prove our best guides to a knowledge of the truth? Your amateur critic, on the one hand, who is an anti-vivisectionist, or an anti-tobacco man, or an anti-vaccinationist, or a vegetarian, or an anti-breakfast eater (this is the latest "fad"), or anti-anything-else-you-like; or, on the other hand, your trained and educated scientist? The answer should not be doubtful. As for myself, I shall continue to plod on in scientific pastures seeking for "more light," and treating such critics with a silence that I hope will not be mistaken for any other variety than that of contempt.



NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.



Did you ever know an article to succeed that did not possess great merit? The "Gramophone" has proved the adage and is pleasing multitudes of people in every country and in every language on the globe. We are distributing yearly **3,000,000** Gramophone Records in English, German, French, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Turkish, Hindoo, Urdu (Indian Dialects), Japanese and many other languages. We have established our own selling houses at Amsterdam, Brussels, Berlin, Barcelona, Buenos Ayres, Calcutta, Milan, Naples, Paris, St. Petersburg, Sydney, and Vienna. The **FOUNDATION** of our business is the violin, cornet, clarionette, flute, each and every instrument of the orchestra—even The Orchestra itself—the piano, mandolin, guitar, zither, concertina, and last, but not least, the **HUMAN VOICE**.

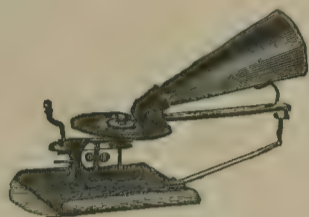
Is there any limit to our field? New music, new songs, new artistes, make our catalogue always growing.

WE MAY SAY "OUR WORK IS NEVER DONE."

AN ACCIDENT

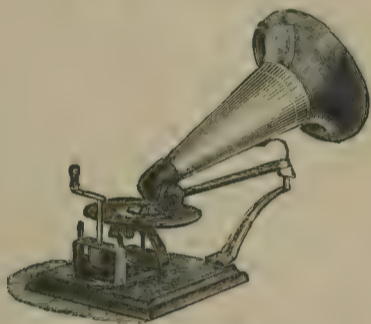
the other a **SONG**. "Have you found out how it happened?" "Yes, the disc or plain record plate had on it the **Cornet Solo** made at a previous session without my knowing it. Now it has both and each clear and separate, and you can have either selection you prefer." "Can you do it again?" "I think so." We have been working for months to perfect this discovery. **SO WONDERFUL** is it that we wish to place it in the hands of everybody in the United Kingdom. The latest result has **THREE SEPARATE AND DISTINCT** records on the same plate—1. A Piano Solo; 2. A Humorous Talking Selection; 3. A Song, "The Way to Kiss a Girl." We call it the **Puzzle Plate** because you cannot tell which selection you will produce when you put the reproducing Stylus needle on the record. Each sound wave extends from the beginning to the end of the record. You can always find a Gramophone near you on which you can try it, and in any event all dealers in Gramophones will allow you to try it on one of their machines—and Gramophone dealers are everywhere. We are going to *give this plate away*. The conditions are below the Puzzle.

happened some time since in our laboratory. It was one of those peculiar accidents which have often occurred during the course of scientific work and research, which uncovered to the diligent student some possibility beyond his expectation or even dream. Our expert brought us a record plate which he called a "freak." He said—"I was making a record on a blank disc, and when I had finished it I tried it as usual, and to my surprise I discovered I had two distinct records on the same disc—one a **Cornet Solo** and the other a **SONG**." "Have you found out how it happened?" "Yes, the disc or plain record plate had on it the **Cornet Solo** made at a previous session without my knowing it. Now it has both and each clear and separate, and you can have either selection you prefer." "Can you do it again?" "I think so." We have been working for months to perfect this discovery. **SO WONDERFUL** is it that we wish to place it in the hands of everybody in the United Kingdom. The latest result has **THREE SEPARATE AND DISTINCT** records on the same plate—1. A Piano Solo; 2. A Humorous Talking Selection; 3. A Song, "The Way to Kiss a Girl." We call it the **Puzzle Plate** because you cannot tell which selection you will produce when you put the reproducing Stylus needle on the record. Each sound wave extends from the beginning to the end of the record. You can always find a Gramophone near you on which you can try it, and in any event all dealers in Gramophones will allow you to try it on one of their machines—and Gramophone dealers are everywhere. We are going to *give this plate away*. The conditions are below the Puzzle.



Style No. 2,

2 Guineas.



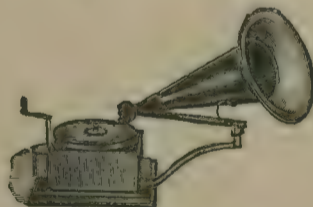
Style No. 3,

3 Guineas.



Style No. 4,

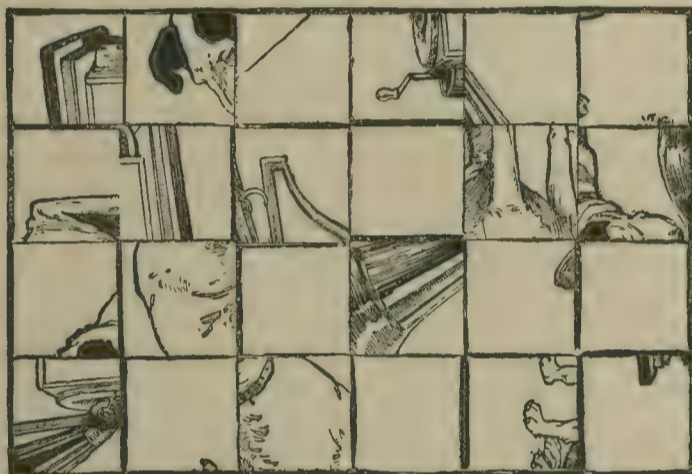
4 Guineas.



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£5 10s.

PUZZLE



CONDITIONS.

If you will solve this puzzle by cutting out the squares in the above picture and pasting them properly on a piece of white paper and forward it to us together with four penny stamps for postage and packing, we will send you the Puzzle Plate as described above. As our capacity for furnishing this plate is 1,000 a day, we shall file and number each solution and forward in rotation. (Only one sent to same address.) Write, "Puzzle Plate" on the envelope. **THIS GRAMOPHONE RECORD PUZZLE PLATE** will not be sold until this offer is withdrawn. The price then will be **FIVE SHILLINGS**, which is double the price of the Regular Gramophone Record, namely, 2/6.

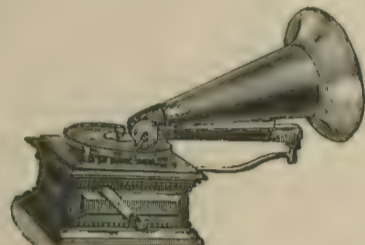
THE FUTURE.

Many people ask us concerning the future of the Gramophone. Its very life is interwoven with the existence of the opera, the artiste, the concert, and the music hall. Do we seriously question the continuance of these old institutions? Neither can we doubt that the instrument which faithfully reproduces all these living realities for the HOME will continue to grow and remain always as a household necessity. We are now passing through a very sad and sorrowful period in our history. We are all mourning for our late Good and Gracious Queen. Our entire people are stricken with grief that she is no more. Many hearts of her brave soldiers and sailors have leaped with joy when listening to her kind and ennobling words. Could we but know that the sound of her words, her very voice was left us, what a boon it would be. Every good and great man owes it to posterity to leave behind him living words—in metal—which may be preserved in the British Museum for centuries, or be distributed to all who desire to hear his voice. Millions of exact and perfect copies of this metal master record can be produced by the Gramophone process. Is not this a future? But this is not all. We are preparing series of plates for teaching languages. A course in French lessons or any other foreign tongue, because you have a patient teacher, repeating the lessons as often as you like, will be employed in the home and schools of all civilized countries. The Gramophone will be that teacher.

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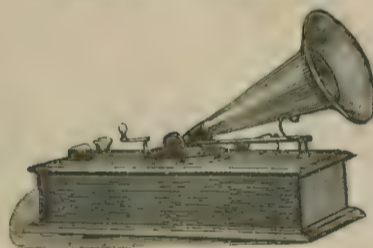
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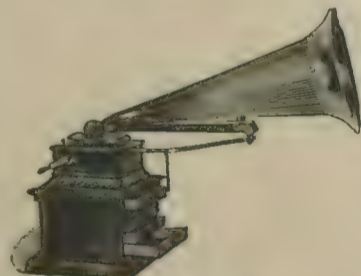
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JANUARY. MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA.

- 119 La Flame, Waltz.
- 120 The Gridiron March.
- 121 Les Patineurs, Waltz.
- 122 Pickaninies' Barn Dance.
- 123 The Matinée Girl.

TALKING.

JOHN MORTON.

- 1123 Visit to Church.
- 1138 On Twins.
- 1139 On different kinds of love.
- 1141 On Vacation.
- 1142 On Courtship.
- 1145 On Seaside Talks.
- 1146 On Observations.

FEBRUARY.

VOCAL, MALE.

H. DARNLEY.

- 2452 Sons of Our Empire.
- *2453 Absolutely 'Ackney with the 'ouses took away.

CHAS. FOSTER.

- *2458 At my time of life.
- *2459 Every inch a Soldier and a Man.

WILSON HALLETT.

- 2456 Whistling Serenade (Amanda).

BURT SHEPARD.

- 2313 The man that came over from Ireland.

2467 Oh! Mr. Johnson.

* With orchestral accompaniment.

VOCAL, FEMALE.

MISS JAY & CHORUS.

- *3941 Poor Wandering One ("Pirates of Penzance").

MME. BENZING.

- 3197 Love is a Bird.

MISS H. FAWN.

- 3215 Rhoda ran a Pagoda ("San Toy").

VOCAL DUET.

O. CRANSTON & S. RUSSELL.

- 4081 Excelsior.

* With orchestral accompaniment.

CHORUS.

SAVOY OPERA CHORUS.

- 4525 Soldier of our Queen ("Patience").

- 4526 Chorus of Maidens ("Patience").

CHURCH CHOIR.

- 4751 Art thou weary.

INSTRUMENTAL (Piano).

LONDON RONALD.

- 5523 Rhapsodie, Hongroise, C. Minor.

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LADIES' PAGE.

It is pleasant to know how well Miss Klumpke, the American lady to whom Rosa Bonheur, the great painter, bequeathed her entire fortune, has justified the affection of her friend. She provided adequately, in the first place, for the nearest relatives of Mdlle. Bonheur, and she has now presented to the State no fewer than fifty of the works of the great painter. Needless to say, this gift has a very large monetary value, as Rosa Bonheur's works bring high prices in the open market. But Miss Klumpke, with the devotion of true friendship, has preferred to place in the national museums of France a fitting and lasting memorial of her friend's abilities, to reaping the money value of that work for her own benefit. The Luxembourg has not room for the splendid gift, but a new building is to be erected, and there the pictures will find a home to show future generations what the genius of the finest woman-painter of the nineteenth century was in reality. But for this, the representation of Rosa Bonheur in French galleries would have been poor; for the French Government never gave her a commission, and owns but two of her pictures. But what is specially interesting is to see how really worthy the *beneficiaire* was of the bequest proceeding from the artist's affection.

It is not generally known that the late Queen behaved with great generosity and good taste in a somewhat analogous case. A rich man, a Mr. Neeld, bequeathed all his fortune, amounting to some £200,000, to Queen Victoria personally. He had been quite a miser, and had grudged himself the common necessities of life, and left the accumulation of his years of parsimony to the Queen. She found out his relatives, to begin with, and settled on them, for their lives, a sufficient annuity. Next, she provided for a suitable tomb for the deceased; I believe a window was placed from the money in the church beside which he was buried; and, having thus characteristically discharged all moral obligations, the Queen accepted the remainder.

Sad plaints must be making themselves heard in many a household settled on that miserable borderland of gentility where the pinch of poverty is more cruelly felt than among the frankly poor who keep up no appearance. All articles of domestic necessity have gone up in price as a

there is absolutely no other article of food—fish, flesh, or fowl—that resembles an oyster in flavour. And what a flavour—equally delectable *au naturel*, stewed, roasted, or insinuated into the medium of a sauce or a pâté! It is furthermore credibly announced that oysters are this season in good condition; the mildness of our winters for the past few years has been very conducive to their growth and number, and they are as abundant as can be ever possible, now that so large an export trade has sprung up in English oysters to the Continent. France itself, neglecting the succulent green oyster of Ostend, is taking large consignments from our growers for eating off the shell. The larger and commoner oysters of Dutch and American origin serve equally well with the delicate natives for sauce and pâtés, and indeed the stronger flavour is rather an advantage, so in the interests of social economy the larger ones should be ordered for cooking, even by housekeepers to whom “expense is no consideration.” The time for eating oysters soon passes—it is barbarian and tasteless to consume them full of “milk” in the spring and summer—so take the hint and have them now, while they are good and should be moderately priced.

Charming new smooth cloths are promising to take the lead for spring walking-gowns. There is first and

combine the tints. It is really a charming combination, for evening and outdoor wear alike. Jet sequins will continue to glitter on the evening - gowns, and will be mixed with gold ones in many devices. A layer of white chiffon is placed under the black net in some of the newest embroideries, and the jet is worked upon the two fabrics, the effect being to the last degree soft and elegant. A black net or chiffon accordion - pleated gown is made to be worn with a bodice almost entirely of white chiffon, the black note appearing as a waist-belt and a deep band against the bust in jet embroidery. White satins and silks spotted with black or black-and-white brocades are also produced for smart toilettes for evening wear, combined with black lace. Black hair-lines on white or white thread-like lines on black nets are also seen. A black net sleeve trimmed down with bands of white lace and ending in a puff of white chiffon, and another black lace sleeve laid over white chiffon with an epaulette and cuff of white lace, are among the evening-dress ideas.

For day-dresses, the bolero continues to be worn, with very often a narrow inner line of different material on the bolero, and a vest inside that; the French call it bolero, veste, and chemisette. This gives scope for combining black and white to much advantage. The bolero can be black, the inner line edging it, or rather projecting from beneath it, white cloth, perhaps trimmed with jet buttons, or little dull-gold ones, or black jet edging; and inside can come a very narrow vest of folded or pleated white chiffon, this perhaps criss-crossed with “jam-tart” lines of black velvet ribbon. This form of trimming white with narrow black velvet is very fashionable. The newest ideas from Paris are to put round the shoulders three little coachman's capes in place of revers, and to add swallow-tails to the little coats; and both these ideas can be applied to black and white by linings and edgings of the more delicate tone. Swathed belts are another feature of fashion that can be equally utilised.

There is a great deal of jewellery in use to lighten the effect of the mourning and half-mourning. Chains of gold set with many stones, and finished with gold purses, are worn with the excuse of utility, for fashion still requires so close-fitting a skirt at the top that a pocket is impossible. The single row of pearls has become so dear



EVENING WRAP OF WHITE SATIN AND LACE.



SUPERB OPERA MANTLE IN SATIN AND CHIFFON.

consequence of the war. The cheap eating-house proprietors of the Metropolis have just held a solemn meeting to discuss their position, and decided that they must raise their prices, inasmuch as, they state, meat is 18 per cent., coals 50 per cent., coke 75 per cent., and bread 20 per cent. dearer, and every other article of consumption is raised more or less in price from what it was two years ago. It is a sorry time for the poor housewife, the mother of many children, living in a social position that compels her to endure the waste and exaction of two or three servants, and to fear the gossip of acquaintances. It is so hard to meet a general rise of expenses, which is equivalent to a shrinkage of income, when the ordinary scale of living was up to the very margin of the income before the rise. Easy criticism will say that this should not be, but that people should always have a good margin; but it is not at all easy to arrange this when the whole means are very limited.

It is good news that several samples of British oysters have recently been officially inspected, and all have been found free from any trace of typhoid germs. There is really an extraordinary variety in Nature in every direction; in the shape and the colour and the odour of flowers, in the flavour of fruits and vegetables and meats; and conversely, it is difficult to replace one of her products by another, however we may desire to find a substitute. What is there to compare with the oyster? I am informed that there are actually one hundred and eight different kinds of oysters, ranging from an Indian sort as large as a cheese-plate to the tiny bivalve that makes Colchester famous wherever *gourmets* are gathered together. But however many forms of oyster there may be, certainly

foremost, panne cloth, the similarity of which to the velvet after which it is called indicates its surface. This is specially good in black. Then there is pastel cloth, equally smooth of surface. There will, however, be a wide choice, for these smooth-faced cloths with almost leather-polished surfaces are alternated with other tweeds and cloths woven in stripes, checks, and fancy patterns; the silk and wool mixtures in brocade patterns are particularly good. Alpaca, a most useful material, not easily crushed, indifferent to a shower, and impervious to dust, is no great favourite of mine; it is too stiff and shiny; but it is to be fashionable, and is certainly dyed in exquisite shades of colouring—mauves and purples, and greys and whites, all are very good. For girls, white alpaca is really a capital material. Made cut down at the throat, but still well on to the shoulders, and with elbow-sleeves, it can be supplied with a guimpe, to fill the space up to the throat, and puffed undersleeves of white soft silk covered with a nice lace, and it then will serve, with these accessories removed, for simple parties, and with them in place for wear in afternoons or even at church. A black velvet waistbelt and collar-band and cuff-straps will make it half-mourning enough for a girl's use in the immediate future at parties—those children's parties to which the elder sisters go to look after the little ones, or small dinners given by their own parents, at which the grown-up young daughters should not be too much dressed, for instance. Black fancy or brocaded alpaca is offered at present, and is useful, strong, and not dowdy if nicely constructed.

Black and white were so much worn last season that many people have good ideas on the subject of how to

to some women that they would feel incomplete without it, and it is perfectly correct wear in half-mourning. In the evenings, pearl collars of much depth and finished with diamond slides are worn, and are invaluable to the middle-aged, coming just where “Time, his mark,” is first to be seen. Diamonds are abundant both by day and evening light, and earrings become more and more fashionable.

Very beautiful are the evening cloaks depicted this week by our Artist. The white fox trimming is placed on a foundation of white satin, over which falls black pleated chiffon. White chiffon ends to the fox tie and bands of white satin embroidered richly with jet on the foot of the garment, and also passing round over the arms so as to clip it to the waist, add to its sumptuous harmonies. It is shown worn above a black lace gown, and is just the cloak we would all like to possess for evening wear during the half-mourning period. The other sketch is of an evening wrap made in white satin, fitting to the figure at the back, and set into a yoke of velvet from which falls a frill of fine black lace enriched with medallions of jet; the design is repeated below the waist, and a frill of white chiffon completes the whole.

It is of the utmost importance that a sufficient supply of bone-forming constituents should be provided in the diet of all children, especially quickly growing and delicate little ones. Mothers will find Squire's Chemical Food, known as “Fercal,” admirably suited to the purpose, being unrivalled in supplying the necessary bone phosphates, as well as being pleasant to the taste. FILOMENA.

THE TRIDENT OF NEPTUNE IS THE SCEPTRE OF THE WORLD!

The World WOULD NOT TOLERATE long any great power or influence THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED for THE GENERAL GOOD.

THE ANTISEPTICS OF EMPIRE.

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

The Command of the Sea and British Policy.

BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY. "An island, he pointed out, required for its perfect defence the command of the sea. One of the consequences of the command of the sea was that the coasts of the world were peculiarly under the influence of the nation that held it. But though the power given by the command of the sea was so great, it was conditioned by a moral law. **THE WORLD WOULD NOT TOLERATE LONG ANY GREAT POWER OR INFLUENCE THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.** The **BRITISH EMPIRE** could subsist **ONLY** so long as it was a **USEFUL AGENT** for the **GENERAL BENEFIT** of **HUMANITY**. That hitherto she had obeyed this law we might fairly claim. She had used her almost undisputed monopoly of the ocean to introduce **LAW** and **CIVILISATION** all over the globe. She had destroyed piracy and the slave trade, and had opened to the trade of all nations every port on the globe except those that belonged to the Continental Powers. But all this led to the conclusion that **BRITAIN** must either **LEAD THE WORLD**, or must **UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.**"

SPENSER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE. *Spectator*, December 21, 1895.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

IN THE VOYAGE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IS AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED, or necessary adjunct; it keeps the blood pure, prevents **FEVERS** and **ACUTE INFLAMMATORY DISEASE**, and **REMOVES** the **INJURIOUS EFFECTS** arising from **STIMULANTS** and **NARCOTICS**, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee. By **NATURAL MEANS** it thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned

blood, fevers, &c., and over-cerebral activity, nervousness, irritability, worry, &c. **THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT**, where it has been taken in the earliest stage of a disease it has in innumerable instances **PREVENTED** a **SERIOUS ILLNESS**. If its great value in keeping the body in **HEALTH** were universally known **NO FAMILY** **WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.**

"**I** HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of **'FRUIT SALT,'** which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries."—(Signed) ———, Captain Retired Pay, West India Regt., Spanish Town, Jamaica, April 9, 1900.

The effect of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** upon any **DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH** condition is **SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.** It is, in fact, **NATURE'S OWN REMEDY,** and an **UNSURPASSED ONE.**

CAUTION.—See that the Capsule is marked **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** Without it you have a worthless imitation.

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TRADE MARK.

FROM THE WINTER TO THE SPRING.

Paris was shivering in the embrace of a gale from the north-west, the sun refused to shine, and fur coats were as plentiful as daffodils in April. The *absintheur* retired to the recesses of the café he favoured; the *flâneur* was conspicuous by his absence; and on nights, on the Montmartre hill, Paris tried to laugh, and only succeeded in making its teeth chatter. It was a cruel winter: many a poor wretch froze to death, and by his tragic end enabled the boulevard Press to attack the Republic, the Ministry, or the Jews, to whose several or joint accounts all accidents are laid. In certain supper-houses of repute, where music starts with midnight and ceases with the dawn, there was a sudden and serious surcease of patronage. "Pleasure is frostbitten," said a manager to me with a shrug that brought his shoulders into dangerous proximity to the waxed ends of his long moustache. Then, as though to make matters worse, influenza broke out.

I was tired of London, tired of Paris, and still more tired of winter. The season of snow, fog, and gales had come early and was staying late; summer seemed something belonging to a life long passed—a vague, pleasant memory of blue skies, green trees, and the truant sun whose disappearance was complete. One night the table next mine in the dining-room of the hotel was vacant. My neighbours, with whom I was on terms of hotel intimacy, had succumbed to *la grippe*. This was the

last straw that broke the back of my endurance. The following evening found me in the crowd at the Gare de Lyons, securing my corner seat, registering my luggage, and making the other small preparations connected with a journey to the south. My ticket was marked "Paris: Monte Carlo."

patterns in the bright light of the electric road-lamps. In the station, men and women were clothed in their heaviest garments; when a door on the platform was opened, the cold wind hurtled through. The carriage I had chosen yielded three travelling companions, Frenchmen all, who, having abated the ventilation in true Continental fashion, disposed themselves to sleep before we left the station. Punctually at half-past eight the great train started on its journey to Vintimille, where France ends and Italy begins; it made careful way over the close-strung lines by the terminus and past the suburbs, by whose lights one could see the fantastic dance of the snow. Wrapped in travelling-rugs, armed with pillows and cushions, I was at my ease; the carriage-lamp was shaded, and outside the lights became rare as we approached open country. Gradually the beat of the piston-rods and the rush of the train through the heart of the still land took rhythm and then melody until they wove a song and played me into slumberland. Hours passed, the music ceased for a few minutes in a vast station where sleepy porters shouted "Lyons! Lyons!" Tireless workmen

sounded the wheels to see they were intact, and some men, suffering from Anglophobia or excess of zeal, roused me by changing the foot-warmers. Soon we were off again, the melody of flying wheels asserted itself once more, and a dream more alluring than its predecessor brought back the sun and the warmth of spring, and I



PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AT DOMINICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES.

The proclamation was made on January 26 by Mr. Henry Hesketh Bell, Government Administrator, from a platform in front of the Court House.

Half-a-dozen years have passed, and half-a-dozen journeys over the same line have been undertaken, since that night, but the memory of it remains vivid, blotting out recollection of its successors. Snow was falling heavily over Paris, subduing the noise of the traffic, giving a ghostly air to buildings, and weaving strange and ever-changing

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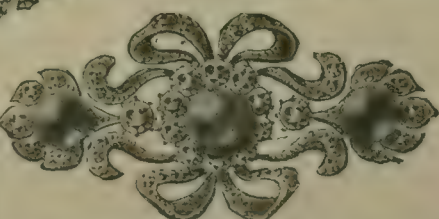
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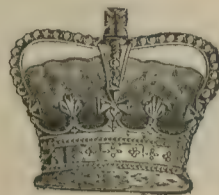
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when wanted"



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when there"

felt half conscious that my rugs were oppressing me, and that I had ceased to need them.

"*Avignon, Avignon, dix minutes d'arrêt!*" The cry roused me from sleep. I jumped up, reached the door that a porter had just opened, and was one of the first to gain the platform where women and girls were standing behind a long counter covered with tea and coffee urns, rolls, butter, and other things grateful and comforting after nine hours' railway journey. And there, low down in the east, fiery red with shame of forgotten duty, King Sol was starting his morning work. The air was full of brightness and light, warmth and fragrance; I knew that the desire of my heart was accomplished, and quoted the Song of Songs, with an appreciation I had never known before: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

Throughout the morning I remained at the carriage-window and saw the panorama of Southern France unroll itself before me. What a pleasant picture it was!—full of reminiscences of times when the peaceful places were given over to the sway of a militant Church, and the varied history of France took shape and form. We passed Tarascon, famous as the home of Tartarin, the mighty hunter of Atlas lions, intrepid adventurer among the Alps; entered the district where I was soon to see the toradors of Spain present *corridas de toros de muerte* to the delighted folk of Arles and Nîmes and Dax. Over all the district of the Bouches du Rhône the spring had spread its mantle. Last night the winter, "wan with many maladies"; this morning, spring. It was a striking change, such a one as poverty to riches, sickness to health, the Valley of the Shadow to a perfect life. I could not be quite certain that I should not wake suddenly to the snow, the biting air, the sun-barred sky of yesterday. From Marseilles to San Raphael the scene lost much of its beauty; but the summer would

not be denied, and when the foam-crested Mediterranean thundered on our right and the orange and lemon groves shone in bloom of flower and foliage and fruit on the left, a keen sorrow seized me for the people of the North, for whom the winter is inevitable.

Two days later a friend came to me, with a paper in his hand, as I sat on the terrace below the Casino



CHIEF CONSTABLES OF COUNTIES ENTERTAINED BY THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT RICHMOND.

The Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland recently received the Chief Constables of Counties at Sheen House Club, when the guests were driven round Richmond Park, and afterwards entertained at luncheon. On the invitation of the chairman, the Chief Constables favoured the club with their views on the question of the motor as a factor in public traffic.

at Monte Carlo, revelling in the delights of a sun-bath. "Horrid weather they're having at home, I see," he remarked.

"Bad weather?" I replied. "I have forgotten what it is like."

And for the moment I tried to think of winter, and could not recall it.

S. L. B.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 17, 1893), with a codicil (dated Feb. 9, 1899), of Miss Sarah Brisco, of 79, Portland Place, and Bohemia, Hastings, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on Feb. 25 by Sir William Alexander Baillie Hamilton, K.C.M.G., Sir Auchitel Piers Ashburnham Clement, Bart., and Sydney Edward Jones, the executors, the value of the estate being £161,507. The testatrix bequeaths her leasehold house in Portland Place, with the household furniture therein and £500, to Frances Arbuthnot; £2000 each to Hilda and Violet Brisco; £500 each to Fanny Ashburnham, Laura Valentine, Olivier Henniker, and Louisa Beasley; her shares in the Hastings Pier and Bath Companies to Sir A. P. A. Clement; £1000 to J. Alfred Pepys; and legacies to servants. She further bequeaths £2500 to the Hastings Convalescent Home; £1000 each to the Children's Convalescent Home, St. Leonards, All Saints' Orphanage, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, the Sisters of Nazareth (Hammer-smith), and to the vicar and churchwardens of St. Peter's, St. Leonards, upon trust, to apply the income for the poor; £500 to the Home for Boys (Farningham); and £300 to the Cripples' Home for Girls (Marylebone Road). All her share and interest in the Newtown Hall estate, Montgomery, and other property at Hastings and St. Leonards, is to be held, upon trust, for Frances Arbuthnot, for life, then upon further trusts for John Robert Wastel Arbuthnot, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail, and part of her plate is to devolve as heirlooms therewith. The "Coghurst plate," and her diamonds and pearls, are to devolve as heirlooms with the Coghurst estate, settled in her lifetime on Sir Musgrave Brisco. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to Hylton Ralph Brisco.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1897), with two codicils (dated June 5, 1899; and Nov. 8, 1900), of Mr. Richard Copley

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A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.

Christie, of Ribsden, Windlesham, Surrey, formerly Chancellor of the diocese of Manchester, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 23 by Mrs. Mary Helen Christie, the widow, and Hector Christie, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £156,952. The testator gives £2000 to his brother; £2000 to his niece Anne; £500 each to Alfred Richard Bull, Josephine Christie Hahlo, and Giacinda Hulton; £500 to John Cree; and other small legacies. On the death of his wife he gives £10,000 to Owens College, Manchester, for library purposes; and there are numerous charitable bequests. The testator also leaves £2500 to the Royal Holloway College (Egham), of which £1600 is to be for an endowment of a Scholarship in History, and £900 for two prizes for French and Italian; the picture by Vasari, and his historical and literary pictures, to Owens College; £5000, and certain family pictures, his seal as Chancellor of the Diocese, the gold key presented to him by the Library Commissioners of the Corporation of Manchester, and the silver key given to him on the opening of the Openshaw Baths, to his brother; £5000 to his niece Anne; £5000 to his cousin William Lorenzo Christie; and £1000 to John Cree. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will of Mr. David Davis, of 59, Gordon Square, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on Feb. 22 by Morris Davis, Samuel Davis, and Sydney Isaac Davis, the sons, and Henry Harris, the executors, the value of the estate being £125,472. The testator gives £50 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians, the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, Norwood, the London Hospital, University

College Hospital, and the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Asylum; £20 each to the Jewish Soup Kitchen, the Philanthropic Society for the Relief of Jewish Widows, the Jewish Aged Needy Society, the Hand-in-Hand Asylum for Aged Jewish Men, the Metropolitan Free Hospital, and the German Hospital. He also gives £10,000 each to his sons Morris, Samuel, and Sydney Isaac; £5000 to his son Elias (Robert); £6000 each to his daughters Rebecca, Esther, and Florence Miriam; £8000 to his daughter Elizabeth; £5000, upon trust, for his son David; £5000, upon trust, for his granddaughter Edith Eleanor Rebecca Albert; £3000 to his grandson Edward Aubrey Mayer Albert; and many other legacies to relatives. All his real and copyhold property is to be held, upon trust, to pay £450 per annum to his daughter Elizabeth; £350 per annum each to his children, Morris, Samuel, Sydney Isaac, Elias, David, Rebecca, Esther, and Florence Miriam; £250 per annum to his granddaughter Edith Eleanor Rebecca; £150 per annum to his grandson Edward Aubrey Mayer; and the remainder of the income thereof between all his children. On the death of the survivor of his children, the said property is to be sold, and the proceeds divided between all his grandchildren. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1900), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1901), of Mr. Lionel Lindo Alexander, of 3, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, and the Stock Exchange, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on Feb. 25 by David Lindo Alexander, K.C., the brother, and George Simon Alexander, the nephew, the executors, the value of the

estate being £45,397. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians and the Hospital and Home for Jewish Incurables; £50 each to the Jewish Religious Education Board, the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Home, Norwood, the Jews' College, Queen Square, the Jews' School, Stepney Green, and the Society for the Relief of Aged Needy Jews; £20 each to the Institution for the Relief of the Indigent Blind, the Hand-in-Hand and Widows' Home, the Jews' Convalescent Home at Brighton, the Jews' Infant Schools, Commercial Street, the Jewish Homes, Stepney Green, the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, the Society for Subsidising the Salaries of Provincial Jewish Ministers, and the Working Men's Club and Lads' Institute. He also gives an annuity of £200 to his mother, Mrs. Jemima Alexander, an annuity of £200 to his sister, Sarah Lindo Alexander, to be increased to £400 should she survive her mother; an annuity of £200 to his brother Joseph, for life, and then £100 per annum to his wife, Ada; £500 each to his nephew George Simon Alexander and to his niece Mary Alexander; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother David Lindo Alexander.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1876) of the Rev. Mandell Creighton, D.D., Bishop of London, of Fulham Palace, and 32, St. James's Square, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on Feb. 21 by William Robert von Glehn, the brother-in-law, and Henry John Hood, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,571. Subject to a legacy of £200 and his furniture and household effects to his wife, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for her for life, and then to his children as she shall appoint.

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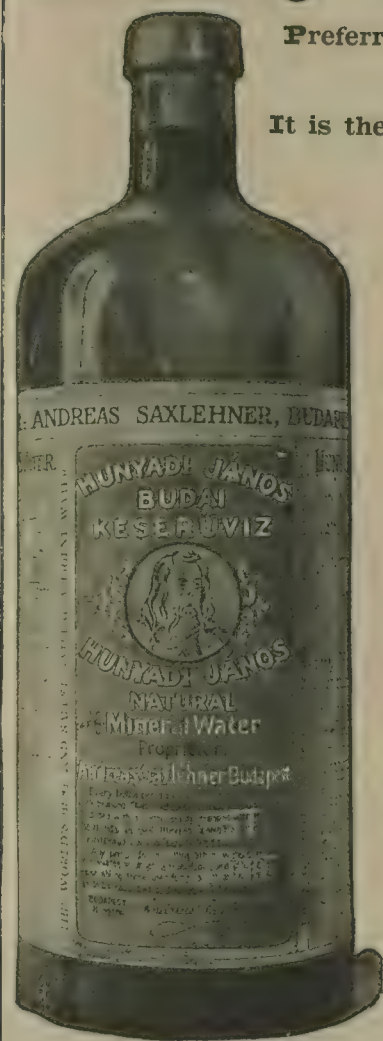
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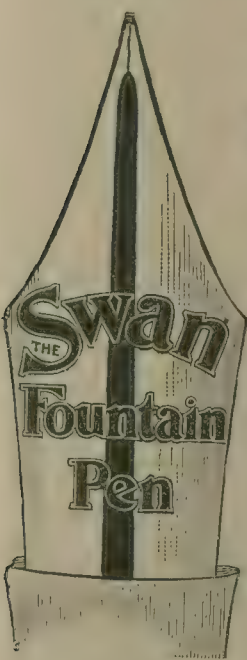
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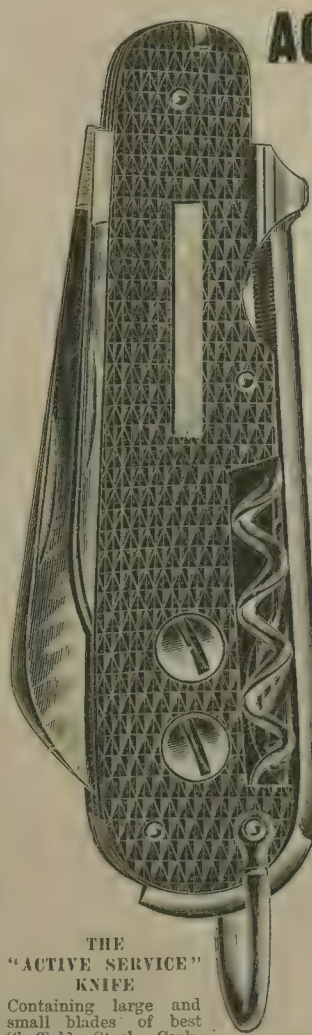
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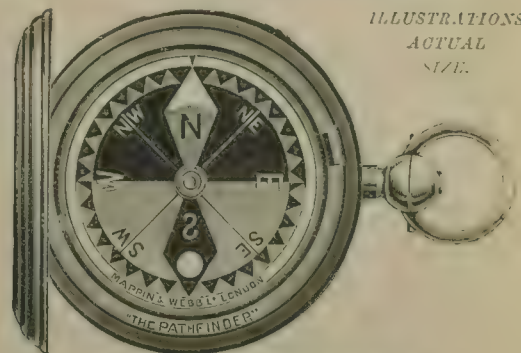
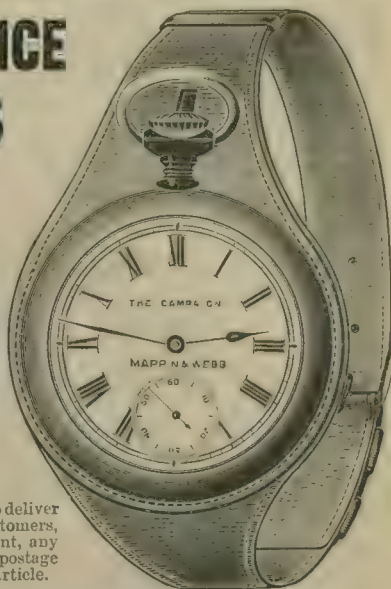
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MUSIC.

For the second time "Hiawatha," the beautiful poem of Longfellow, set to music by S. Coleridge Taylor, was given in its entirety by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall. On the last occasion, nearly a year ago, Mr. Coleridge Taylor conducted; this time Sir Frederick Bridge did so, but Mr. Coleridge Taylor was enthusiastically called between the first and second parts. The concert had been postponed from Jan. 24 on account of the death of Queen Victoria; but a very large audience filled the hall. The exquisite music, lyrical, tender, quaint, is so illustrative of the poem that it is one of the greatest treats that the society can give the public, and it would be an immense boon to the musical world if it could be given again soon. It is, in one word, idyllic. In the first part, the wedding, the most charming measure is the dance of Pan Puk Keewis, "First he danced a solemn measure," which swifter and swifter whirls on to the maddest dance, always

keeping the fundamental barbarous notes of the North American land. Mr. Ben Davies' song, "Onaway, awake beloved," was sung with splendid declamation, and won much applause. It is with Minnehaha's death, however, that Mr. Coleridge Taylor rises to the heights of his genius of melody and composition. We English are not an emotional race, nor are our emotions keenly sensitive to music, but there was scarcely a dry eye during "The Desolation of Hiawatha," or a nerve that did not quiver when the voice of his girl-wife calls to him in the darkness, "Hiawatha, Hiawatha!"—the little lovely Laughing Water, that the composer seems to bring before one even more vividly than does Longfellow himself. The lament of Hiawatha over the grave is also exquisite: "Farewell, O my Laughing Water." The second part, Hiawatha's departure, begins with a delightful soprano solo of spring, well sung by Miss Ella Russell, full of joyous, vital sunshine—a relief that is welcome after the bitter tragedy of the death. The music throughout is so subordinate to Longfellow's metre, and at the

same time so spontaneous, that it is wonderful how much grace of composition is concealed, as it were, under the pure-flowing melody. Another matter for surprise and congratulation is that though the melody is so persistent and the form so uniform it never clogs or satiates. It has none of the sickly effect of constant melody, for it seems always resolving itself, and yet never resolved, but, by indefinable modulations, freeing itself from the obvious finale. The "Prophecy" is also very beautiful. It is earnestly to be hoped that so gifted an English composer may be heard again, and very soon.

At the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts on Saturday last the chief feature was the performance, for the first time, of a new overture by Dr. Cowen, "The Butterfly's Ball." Mr. Edward Jacques says, happily, "Dr. Cowen has long held his place, by divine right, as musician of the flowers and fairies"; and this "Butterfly's Ball" is no exception: it is aerial in its grace and fairy lightness, and very individual in its treatment. Instrumentally, it is interesting; for muted horns and the celesta are employed. Besides

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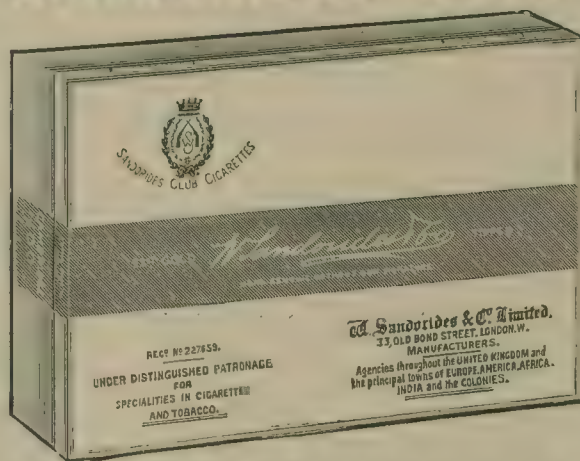
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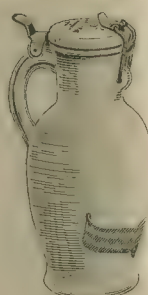
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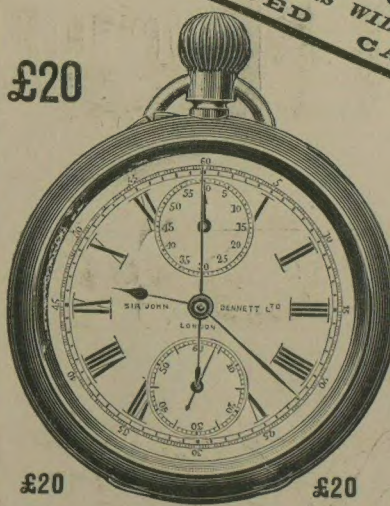


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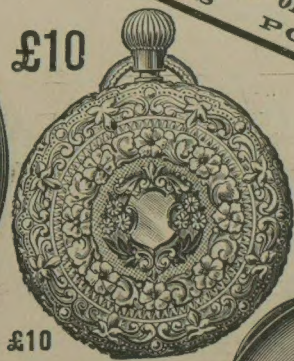


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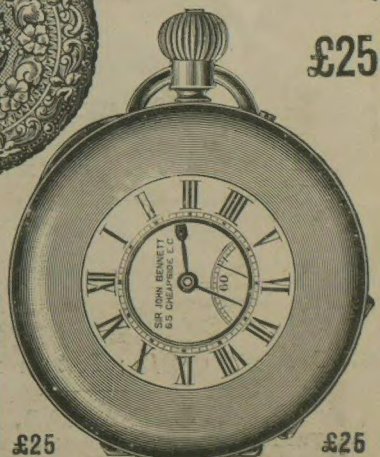
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this novelty, Mr. Wood's orchestra played exceedingly well the "Jupiter Symphony" of Mozart.

The Monday Popular Concert at the St. James's Hall had a most excellent programme on Monday, March 4, beginning with the Quartet in F minor of Beethoven, and ending with the lovely Trio in D minor of Schumann, scored for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played by Miss Evelyn Stuart, M. Ysaye, and M. Jacob. It is a beautiful composition, and M. Ysaye and M. Jacob seemed to draw every note of melody out of it, and give a golden whole, aided by the clever young pianist, Miss Stuart. The scherzo is especially enchanting, with a melody given to the violin that is almost like the "jug-jug" of the nightingale. M. Ysaye played as his solo the wonderful Chaconne in D minor of Bach, with its variations. It has no accompaniment, and is a

tour de force for the violin. Miss Stuart played two solos, one the delightful capriccio of Brahms, with its staccato, precise melody. In this she was better than in her rendering of the Ballade in A flat of Chopin, which was just a little hard and mechanical in parts. Mr. Lawrence Rea sang excellently three songs from a song-cycle, "Eliland," by A. von Rielitz. Mr. Rea's voice is well trained and very sympathetic.

Miss Beatrice Spencer gave a song recital on Tuesday, Feb. 26, in the Steinway Hall. Her voice is a good soprano, and her songs were well sung, on the whole, including Scarlatti's "Violette" and Mozart's "Wiegenlied." Her phrasing is not always or often beyond reproach. Mr. Alfred Gibson and Miss Fanny Davies gave a very fine performance of Bach's violin sonata in E; and Miss Fanny Davies and Miss Alice Dessauer

played on two pianos Schumann's andante and variations; while Miss Fanny Davies, with her exquisite technique, played solos of Brahms and of Chopin.

Miss Ethel Barnes and Mr. Charles Phillips gave their third concert of this season at the Steinway Hall. Miss Barnes and Miss Olga Miles gave a highly creditable performance of Bach's interesting Sonata in A for violin and piano. Miss Minnie Nelson, who possesses a charming voice, though she has not as yet a perfect control over it, sang the Angel's song, "My work is done," a melody from Elgar's beautiful setting of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." Mr. Phillips sang very well a setting of Browning's "Prospice," that was composed by Mr. Walford Davies, and arranged with a string-quartet accompaniment that was somewhat faulty in its execution.

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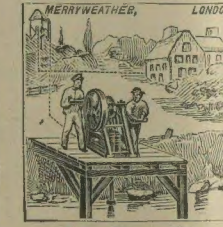
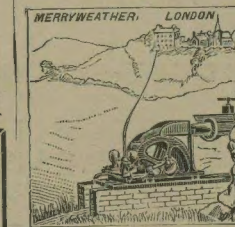
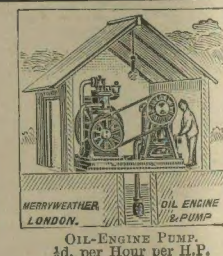
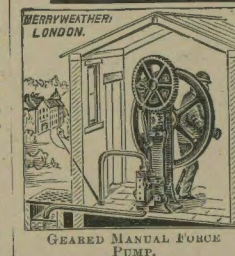
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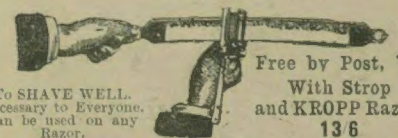
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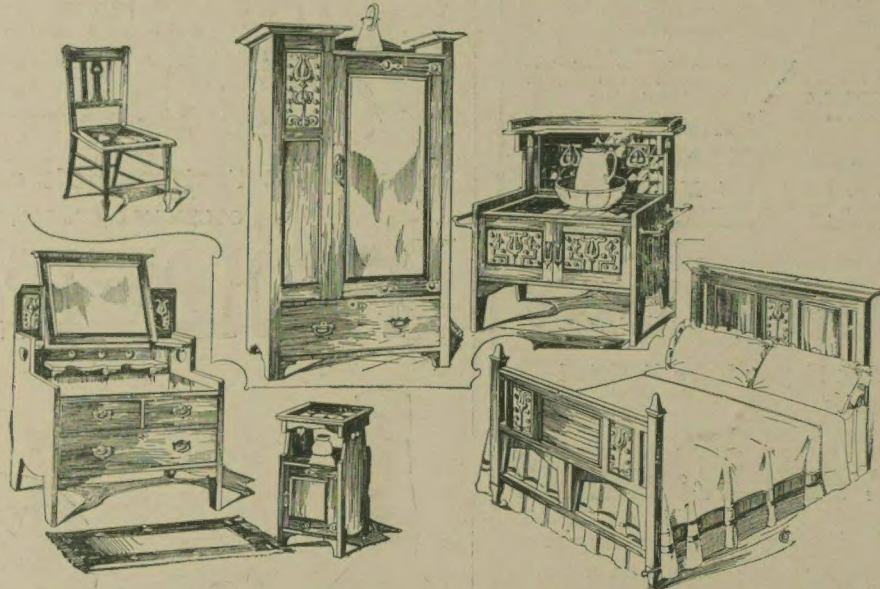
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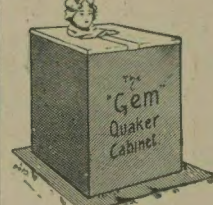
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